McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor — OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY — TERMS: $1.75 Per Year

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State Library

PAVE AS FAR AS THE MONEY WILL ALLOW

The Best Plan for Settling the Paving Question in Smethport.

ANOTHER ELECTION NECESSARY

Council Should Make Arrangements at Once to Submit the Matter to the Voters at the November Election—Good Plan.

The paving situation in Smethport is at the point where the council cannot award a contract to pave Main street according to the original plans, from Long to East street, using concrete base, owing to lack of funds. The amount of money in sight for the purpose falls several thousands dollars short. Nothing but concrete base would be entirely satisfactory, and it is understood is but little more expensive than gravel or sand.

The best plan at the present stage of proceedings would seem to be for the council to vote to hold another election on the matter in such a manner as to obtain permission to pave Main street for as great a distance as the fund will pay for. This question could be decided at the next regular election in November.

New bids could then be advertised for and as the MINER has been informed the price of brick has taken a drop since the last bids were submitted, the chances are that the figures on new bids would be entirely satisfactory.

The fact that all the work could then be accomplished during the spring and summer is another point that would meet with the favor of the people and the contractors.

Main street should be paved. That is the sentiment of an overwhelming majority of its citizens. The plan of paving as much of the thoroughfare as the funds in sight will warrant seems to be the best solution of a vexing problem and therefore should be put into effect.

Special Premium Offer.

The pink compositor of the MINER office authorizes the following announcement: That on and after this date a magnificent cream-pie contest will be on, open to young ladies, and young ladies only, of any part of the United States, who can transport their pies to this office in an edible condition.

The terms of the contest are that each young lady must enter a cream-pie made by herself, accompanied by one dollar, for which she will receive the MCKEAN COUNTY MINER one year. The aforesaid pink compositor is to act as sole judge of the merits of the pie, and when the contest closes, Jan. 1, 1908, by which time he will be quite sure there are no more pies in sight, he will award himself in the holy bonds of matrimony as a grand premium to the lucky maiden whom, in his opinion, made the best cream-pie.

The pink compositor is 21 years of age, tall and beautiful, sound and gentle, and of excellent habits—certainly a prize worth striving for by any marriageable young lady who is an expert in manufacturing cream-pies.

The cub of this office very generously offers himself as a consolation prize to almost any of the defeated candidates.

A Busy Place.

The Berney-Bond bottle factory is one of the liveliest places in town, and a great quantity of fine glass ware is being turned out. The plant is a model one equipped with all modern conveniences, and lighted by electricity. The working force is being constantly increased and now about fifty-four blowers are employed. Nearly seventy boys are working steadily and receive good wages. The entire force at the factory must number close to 140 people. It is one of Smethport's most valued industries as it is of great benefit to the business interests of the town.

McKean Medics Meet.

The McKean County Medical society met yesterday at Mt. Jewett. The following officers were elected for the coming year:—President, Dr. J. C. Brown, Smethport; vice president, Dr. W. A. Baker, Kane; secretary, Dr. W. P. Burdick, Mt. Jewett; treasurer, Dr. J. C. Walker, Bradford. The delegates to the state association convention at Reading made a report. The attendance was large and the meeting was of unusual interest.

DON'T WORRY

About the Action of the Gas Company

In increasing the price of gas 25%, if you have a furnace. Get the Leader Specialty Mfg. Co. to put in the KERN'S AUTOMATIC GAS & AIR REGULATING VALVES and your bill for this service will not be increased.

Place your order for all kinds of fancy ice cream in bricks, moulds or bulk at Brasted's. Delivery on short notice.

Romantic Wedding.

In Rixford on Wednesday, at noon, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Shippey, occurred a very interesting and romantic marriage. The groom, Mr. Alonzo F. Brown of San Francisco, is a very handsome man, six feet, two inches in height and sixty-five years of age. The bride, Mrs. Sarah Shippey of Rixford, is three years his junior. They were engaged to be married in 1864 but separated and have never met since until a few weeks ago. Mr. Brown never married but remained true to the memory of his first love, always keeping track of her whereabouts. The lady has been a widow for seven or eight years. The ceremony which made these two man and wife, after a postponement of forty-three years, was performed by Rev. McCallum of the United Brethren church of Bradford, and the details of the delightful, though quiet wedding, was supplied by the son of Mrs. Shippey and his wife. About forty guests were present. The house was appropriately decorated in autumn leaves, asters and other cut flowers. The bride's table was in pink and white, with candelabra and a bride's cake cut by her own hands and distributed among the guests. The young people present sang, "Don't you think its time to marry me?" and other love songs, and the couple were serenaded by the Rixford band. There were many beautiful gifts.

Mrs. Brown has long been held in the highest regard and affection by her many friends, who will miss her gentle and kindly presence when she goes with her husband to San Francisco where he has many interests. She was formerly Miss Sarah Parmenter. Mr. and Mrs. Brown were brought up as playmates and neighbors in the vicinity of Binghamton, N. Y. Mr. Brown has traveled all over the world and amassed a fortune, being interested in plantations in Florida, mines in Oregon and real estate in California.

Eldred Marriages.

At St. Raphael's church, Wednesday morning, Rev. Father Mackin united in marriage Louis J. F. Welch, our popular young druggist, and Miss Margaret Gill of Olean. Dr. John [illegible] was groomsman and Miss Frances Hall, of Olean, was bridesmaid. The happy couple are now absent on a ten days' wedding trip. They have the best wishes of a large circle of friends.

At the Catholic church, Monday, Father Mackin united in marriage Daniel Bernard and Miss Nellie McGill of Eldred. Both of them have many friends here, but Daniel, who has gained renown as an official umpire at baseball, is in a game now where discretion cuts a bigger figure than valor, and his decisions, if objected to, are quite likely to be changed, as there will be no chance of sending or fining in this game. However, this is in a jocular vein, and [illegible] extends congratulations and best wishes with the others.

[illegible] Smith, of Eldred, and Mr. [illegible] Shields, of Ashtabula, O., were [illegible] in marriage at Portville, by Rev. [illegible], September 9th. Mrs. [illegible] is spending a few weeks with her parents before leaving for her new home in Ashtabula.—Eldred Eagle.

Hot Shot From Kane.

Kane Republican: The men who are opposed to the renomination of Hon. R. P. Habgood to the Legislature, are making a mistake in their methods, and if we are not sadly mistaken the efforts of the Smethport correspondent to the North American will find that his slurring remarks will act as a boomerang. Representative Habgood made a record for himself in the House which any young man may well feel proud of, and the efforts to belittle him at this time will prove futile, and simply because Mr. Habgood has made himself felt in the Legislature is no sign that the people are going to turn him down because a few disgruntled politicians at the county seat, who have been feeding at the public crib for so long that they seem to be permanent fixtures, seem to think that they will not be the whole thing. At the proper time Mr. Habgood will declare himself as to his position on the United States Senatorship and he will be found to be on the right side.

Fire at Reynoldsville.

Bradford Star: A fierce fire broke out in the business center of Reynoldsville Monday night at 11:45 and spread so rapidly that two stores were totally destroyed and a third heavily damaged before the fire department, consisting of three companies had the flames under control. The three buildings burned were wooden structures. The flames broke out in G. F. Woodard's cigar store. The blaze rapidly spread to the adjoining building, occupied by Hunter & Milliren's meat market. At 12:30 the fire already had a good start on John O'Hare's wholesale liquor store when it was brought under control. The loss will total about $15,000.

I am prepared to do Manicuring, Shampooing and Facial Massage at residence. Alberta Standvoint.

Ice cream and cake 10 cents on Saturday night at Brasted's.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happenings in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

Bennett—At Smethport, Pa., Wednesday evening, May 11, 1887, Mrs. Lucy Bennett, in the eightieth year of her age. Mrs. Bennett was born July 5, 1807, and hence at the time of her death was almost eighty years of age. She was married to [illegible] R. Bennett, at Lima, N. Y., Oct. 24, 1832, and in the following year they removed to this place where she has ever since been a constant resident, the time of her residence covering a period of fifty-four years and upwards. She and her husband were among the early settlers of this valley, and few remain who can claim so long a residence. It was through the enterprise of her husband that the old Bennett House was built and for many years was the efficient landlady of that well known and popular hostelry. Of the twelve children which once composed her family but four are now living, three of whom are honored residents of this borough. The immediate cause of her decease was a stroke of paralysis, which occurred some time last October. For a long time she was completely prostrated both in mind and body, until at last death relieved her of her sufferings. Mrs. Bennett was a lady possessing excellent qualities of heart and mind. Having a practical cast of character in her best days she exhibited sound judgement in all her domestic and social relations, and possessing a high degree of Christian culture she was in hearty sympathy with the noble elements of life. A large circle of acquaintances and friends, both here and elsewhere, will mourn her death.

Miss Nell E. Backer, of Mansfield, well known in Smethport, was married Wednesday, March 16, 1887, to Prof. W. Ingham, of Canton, Bradford county.

The question has been asked frequently during the past week, why is it that J. C. Gallup has been looking so happy of late. The only answer we can give to that question is that a bouncing boy baby has just arrived at his home. Such an important event as that is enough to make any man happy.

On Tuesday morning, May 17, 1887, a large concourse of relatives and friends gathered at the Catholic church of this place to witness the marriage of Miss Maggie, daughter of Commissioner A. Reilly, to Mr. Edward F. Daly, of Keating township. Rev. J. J. Galligan performed the beautiful marriage ceremonies of the Catholic church which made the happy couple one. Miss Emma Reilly acted as bridesmaid, while Mr. John F. Rooney acted in the capacity of best man. The services at the church, which lasted about an hour, were interspersed with fine music—Miss Ella Freeman presiding at the organ—appropriate to the occasion. After the ceremonies a large number of relatives repaired to the residence of the bride's parents on [illegible] where an elegant wedding [illegible] by the happy company. Mr. and Mrs. Daly departed on the afternoon train for their wedding tour to Syracuse and other eastern cities. The happy couple have the best wishes of a host of friends that their journey through life may be a pleasant one. The presents were numerous, elaborate and costly. The list of articles together with the names of the donors are given below: Andrew Reilly, chamber suit; Mrs. Andrew Reilly, silver cake basket; Rev. J. J. Galligan, call bell; Mr. and Mrs. James Daly, silver castor and one set knives and forks; Andrew Reilly, Jr., upholstered chair; John M. Reilly, center table; Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Duffy, silver castor; George Powers and Andy Daly, silver mounted toilet set; Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Quinlisk, pickle castor; Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Nash, silver butter dish; Miss Mary Crosby, lace handkerchief; Mr. and Mrs. James McKean, silver cake basket; John F. Rooney, willow rocker; Leo McCabe, set silver teaspoons; from a friend, tea and tablespoons, knives and forks; John C. Daly, silver sugar spoon; Miss Kate Mullin, silver butter knife; Mr. and Mrs. John Tracy, Ambeoina glass water set; Timothy Daly, folding table; Miss Maria McCabe, one dozen linen napkins; Miss Maggie Mullin, one lace tidy; Miss Flora Stevenson, one pair fine towels; Emmet and Bessie Quinlisk, one pair vases; Miss Emma Reilly, large lamp; Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Reilly, one plush mantle spread.

One of the most notable events of our village, for some time, was the ceremony which united in marriage Mr. Gard B. Young and Miss Ada B. Roberts, two of Eldred's most estimable young people. This auspicious ceremony was solemnized at the Methodist church, Thursday evening May 19, 1887, by Rev. Osborn. The wedding party consisting of the bridesmaid, Miss Myrtie Wolcott, of this place, and Robert Mackie, the best man, together with the bride and groom entered the church at 8:45 to the strains of the wedding march, played by Miss Stella Murdock, and took their places under a beautiful floral umbrella, suspended from an evergreen arch, where the ceremony was performed. The party and friends then returned to the residence of the bride's parents, where the reception was held. The happy couple left on the morning train for an extended wedding tour through the East. The friends from abroad were: The groom's mother, Mrs. A. L. Young, and brothers, Wm. and Herman Young, together with their wives, of Farmers Valley, and [illegible] O. Young and wife of Smethport; Had Roberts of Olean, brother of the bride, and Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Curtis of the same place, F. E. Rowley and wife of Port Allegany, Geo. F. Anderson and wife of Bradford, Mr. and Mrs. Dan Brown of Duke Centre; and H. H. Lay of Canandaigua.—Eldred Eagle.

"Ole Olson" Coming.

MR. HARRY BRUMMEL.

One of the most interesting productions to be presented at the Lyceum this season will be the favorite play "Ole Olson" and judging from its reception in the past, it is safe to say it will be greeted with a full house. The plot of "Ole Olson" is clean and powerful. The beauty of the play lies in its naturalness and simplicity, and the love that flows through it fascinates owing to its quaint and innocent characters. The exciting features are never overworked, something novel we must confess in the average comedy drama. The actor playing "Ole" holds a prominent place in the ranks of the singing comedians of the day, and on this occasion will sing several new and catchy songs, including a beautiful lullaby and yodel. At the Lyceum, Tuesday evening, October 8.

Base Ball in England.

The great American game of base ball has finally found favor with our cousins across the sea, and is rapidly gaining in popularity with the so-called higher classes in England. Several leagues are now in existence in Great Britain, and a number of American exponents of the game are becoming wealthy through instructing young Englishmen in the [illegible] of the [illegible], outcurve and [illegible] drop. The inhabitants of the [illegible] John Bull take their sport, as well [illegible] seriously, and base ball is no exception to the general rule. The umpire's life is a pleasant one, as his decisions are seldom disputed and mobbing him is unheard of. He is, in fact, a person of consequence, and is treated with deferential respect. An incident in an English ball game must be something like this:

The Umpire—"Strike one!"

The Batsman—"Really now, Mr. Umpire, I am almost positive that ball passed two inches outside the plate."

The Umpire—"My dear boy, you are mistaken, it certainly crossed the plate fair by one inch and a half."

The Batsman—"Is it possible! Pardon my rudeness in mentioning the matter, it will not occur again."

The Bat—"Whack!"

The Ball (born in Chicago)—Gee-e-e! That Was a wollop! Didn't think the soft-shell had it in him. He's good for third before I light."

The Crowd—"Clevah!"

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Sept. 28, 1907:

Miss Lena Goebel, John Hicks, W. P. Miss Sophia Mullen (3), Trody Nickles; Mrs. C. D. Ruyther (2), Ralph Smart, Mrs. Betty Storp, James Walker.

Foreign: Signore Francesco Rozzi fu Angelo.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, a member of the Bar of the State of Minnesota, admitted to practice in all Courts organized under the authority of the said State, that he will apply to the State Board of Law Examiners for examination at its next regularly appointed sitting, for admission to practice as an attorney before the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

WILLIAM H. PRITCHARD,
40 4t Kane, Pa.

Closing out sale at store of D. C. Young. Call and look over remaining stock of merchandise, and find many articles which you can use, at cost or even less.

To Republicans—Just a Word.

Although afforded the widest opportunity for investigation, the Democratic members of the Capitol Investigation Commission, aided by able counsel of their own political faith, have utterly failed in the attempt to fasten any of [illegible] wrongdoing in the Capitol job on the Republican party as an organization. That men who owe their political prominence and the offices they so unworthily filled to the Republican party are implicated, is true; but that party purposes to see that justice is dealt out to those who robbed the State, as well as those officials whose supineness, if not worse, aided the looters.

It is silly to assume, as some biased partisans do, that there is any greater degree of dishonesty in the Democratic than in the Republican party. Dishonest men are not partial in the distribution of their party fealty. Attached to the organization of every political party are men who are always "on the make." There is no doubt that the percentage of defaulters, crooked officials and looters of public funds is distributed in about equal porportion among the political parties. To assume that any greater degree of intelligence, any greater proportion of honesty and efficiency, attaches to members of one party than to those of another, is an argument of the silliest fanatic.

To attempt the argument that Pennsylvania must elect any Democrat selected by Col. Guffey for State Treasurer in order that the Capitol thieves be punished and future raids prevented is an insult to the great majority of the people of the State, who are Republicans. To argue that the people's moneys are not safe unless intrusted to the keeping of a Mr. Harman, introduced to the public Wednesday as the Democratic nominee for Treasurer, is an assumption that Republicans may not hereafter be intrusted with office.

Stripped of all its bosh and masquerade, the Democratic argument is revealed as simply an attempt to rejuvenate that organization in preparation for next year's important campaign. If Col. Guffey's Mr. Harman were to be elected State Treasurer, the event would be hailed by every Democratic paper from Main to California as a great Democratic victory. Even the Bryan organs would, by their peculiar style of reasoning (?) find comfort for their cause.

The plain duty of Republican voters in Pennsylvania is to elect John O. Sheatz. There is no claim that he is not honest, capable and fit in every way. There is no claim that he is owned by any faction, clique, or individual. He is the choice of a Republican convention, unhampered by any dictation. In the face of the most bitter and vindictive charges notwithstanding fanatical misrepresentation, the people of Pennsylvania chose Edwin S. Stuart as their Governor, and are not disappointed in that choice. That he will push an unrelenting and vigorous prosecution of the Capitol looters is assured. Every guilty man that can be reached will pay the penalty. His record in Philadelphia assures the people that no specious plea will save a single malefactor.

Wise Republicans will not aid the project to encourage the Democratic party in the Nation by defeating the Republican nominee for Treasurer. They will not, if they are wise, harken to the sophistry of the eager Democratic organs which preach the doctrine of Republican dishonesty and Democratic saintliness. Should they do so, and Pennsylvania be made to appear as favoring the Democratic party, they must not be surprised at the Democratic snicker, the laugh in the sleeve, that will greet them, the morning after.

Cheerful Idiot Defined.

The question is often asked, "Who or what is a cheerful idiot?" Here are a few examples: He is the man who must toot an automobile horn or beat on a drum every time an opportunity occurs. He asks you if the mail is "disturbed," instead of distributed. He looks over your shoulder and chews gum when you are reading or writing. The same fellow always tries to whistle or sing the same piece the band or orchestra is playing. He feels called upon to say something about a printer's devil every time he enters a printing office, in fact, insults workmen right and left through sheer ignorance of the meaning of the technical language of various trades he tries to use. The cheerful idiot is seldom amusing, often annoying and sometimes a blamed nuisance. By the way another specimen is the fellow that writes paragraphs like this for the newspapers.

Williamsport Commercial College.

Thirty-four of our students accepted positions during September. We want more young people to take bookkeeping and shorthand. Students may enter any time. We also teach by mail. Trial lessons and catalogue sent free.

Lost.

A handpainted belt pin set with four pearls, in a gold frame. Finder will be rewarded by returning to A. B. Walker's residence, Green street.

Fresh Baltimore oysters at the Model Restaurant.

Subscribe for the MINER.

"The Lunatic and the Lady."

Hereafter if any one feels like drowning or getting into any other kind of trouble and is not in dead earnest about it, he would better not depend upon Frank Christie who plays the "Lunatic" Friday, Oct. 11, in the comedy named "The Lunatic and the Lady," at the Lyceum.

He has been whipped twice when he tried to stop a fight and had his right leg broken one day by getting chivalrously in front of a runaway team, but the crowning misfortune [illegible] that finally broke the camel's back of his public spirit, came several [illegible]. He was out rowing with a [illegible] on Freestone river, near [illegible] when Ethel Green, a lady [illegible] spells of insanity, broke away from her friends, ran down on to the bridge, and attempted to jump over the railing into the water.

Christie had seen the struggle and knew what the lady was trying to do. Following the kind impulse that always moves him under such circumstances, he rowed as fast as he could to the point under the bridge where Miss Green would probably fall if she sprang over, and waited there to be ready to rescue her.

Finally she leaped and fell, turning over and over in the air as she came down and striking the water feet first, with all the force of her 170 pounds of weight, not five feet from where Christie bravely and willingly, the young lady with horror and wild protestations, waited. Miss Green was dressed among other things, in a thick, strong, walking skirt, held in place by a belt furnished with a heavy buckle.

Now, when she made the last turn in the air and struck feet first, this skirt, just before she struck, gathered into itself a good deal of air, and bellied out like a baloon just as its edge touched the surface.

This imprisoned air could not escape through the cloth, nor around it, nor below it, but with the solid form of Miss Green driving the dress [illegible] it, something had to give [illegible] that something proved to be [illegible] buckle, and the latter [illegible] and shot like a ball [illegible] revolver, struck the public spirited but unfortunate comedian fairly in the [illegible] eye, and in his surprise he rolled overboard.

As he cannot swim a stroke, his chances for getting out of the water alive were not very good [illegible] into the cold river seemed to be all that Miss Green needed to calm her [illegible] spirits for a time, and [illegible] she rose to the surface she [illegible] the boat, climbed in, rowed [illegible] the floundering Christie and [illegible].

He thanked her but [illegible] astically, and [illegible] lady who was with him [illegible] new and very handsome [illegible] dress and hat entirely [illegible] water that was splashed [illegible] her part of saving [illegible] ing companions. It is [illegible] Christie back his [illegible] as he was sufficiently [illegible] sense of what she was [illegible] [illegible]

Said to be Jimeson.

The DuBois Courier says the identity of the man who was recently found dead along Dent's Run is now beyond doubt. It is that of Jimeson the outlaw. Some doubt was thrown on the identification of the dead man after it had been said he was Jimeson, but the Courier declares that four people who knew the bad woodsman have all declared that it was he. Jimeson was a native of Ireland, born of Scotch parents.

His right name was Snyder. He came to this country with a young Irishman who was called Mike, no one in this country ever knowing his surname. Mike quarreled and fought with Snyder and thrashed him. Snyder swore vengeance, and not long afterward Mike's body was found with his skull crushed, and then it was noted that Snyder had disappeared. Later a Renovo man was murdered and Snyder or Jimeson was charged with the crime, but he eluded pursuit and was not arrested.

Jimeson was one of the principals in several robberies committed in small lumber towns throughout Potter, Clinton and nearby counties, one of which was the robbery of $1,000 from the Platt-Barr lumber company. Several murders have been laid at his door, and he would have been hanged had he ever been caught, but it appears that the police wherever he was seen and recognized always thought best to let him alone, as he was a man who would have murdered without mercy. He has spent recent years in Cameron and Clinton county woods, but he has been in several large towns though never molested.

Estray Notice.

Came to my premises on Thursday, Sept. 26, three head of cattle, one red and white yearling bull, one mouse gray yearling steer and one red and white yearling heifer—left ears wired. Owner can have same by proving property and paying damages. Otherwise they will be disposed of according to the law governing estrays.

JOHN BENSON,
40 3t Colegrove, Pa.

Subscribe for the MINER.

At the River's Brink.

By BRADFORD K. DANIELS.

Copyright, 1907, by B. K. Daniels.

A SLEIGH dashed up to the little country station, and a gaunt, disheveled prisoner, heavily handcuffed and bespattered with the slushy snow of a thawing March day, stepped upon the platform, closely followed by Sheriff Peterson. He dropped down upon the baggage truck in the stooping posture necessitated by the irons and looked dully out across the whitened pastures to the river, where its ice glistened in the sun. The officer stood a few feet behind him, watching his slightest movement.

"Gee! They've caught Al Brock!" A score of idle loafers came pouring out of the waiting room from about the lounging stove and stood in open mouthed wonder at the man on the truck. Had the redoubtable sheriff appeared with a [illegible] they could not have been more [illegible].

[illegible] through the woods?"

"They [illegible] a little nearer. [illegible] He was in our town for more 'an a week and lived [illegible] didn't know nothing about it till afterward, [illegible]."

The figure on the truck scowled, and the crowd fell back.

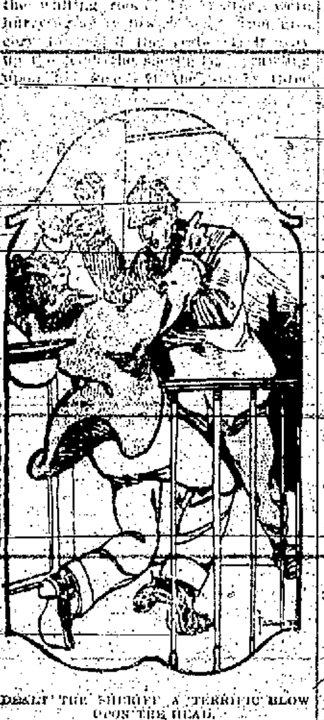
"Come on up nearer. He's handcuffed. He can't hurt you."

"Not much! He smashed Joe Porter to a jelly with the handcuffs on the last time they took him."

A whistle screeched somewhere behind an orchard; the escaping steam shot up above the trees, and as the station master hurried out with a mail sack and a red flag the prisoner rose stiffly and the sheriff led him down the platform.

The train wheezed and clanked to a standstill, and the two men climbed on at the rear. Then, like a flash, Al Brock jerked his unfettered left hand (two fingers and a strip of the hand had been blown away by the explosion of a gun) from its manacle and dealt the sheriff a terrific blow upon the head with the dangling iron, felling him to the floor, and before the rear platform moved up in sight of the loafers [illegible] with the senseless man down the embankment at the farther side of the track.

As the train moved away Al looked cautiously about him. The station master had [illegible] the flag from the [illegible] of the platform [illegible] the waiting room [illegible] [illegible] the sheriff [illegible] upon [illegible]



DEALT THE SHERIFF A TERRIFIC BLOW UPON THE HEAD.

men were loading lumber upon a flat car. He crept cautiously along until screened by intervening box cars, then vaulted the fence and ran toward the river. On the other side lay the United States and freedom—unless his confederate smugglers failed him.

Reaching the river he sprang out upon the ice, splashing straight on with head down, through the puddles that the sun had melted upon its surface. Suddenly he stopped short, arrested by the rhythmic crunch of ice under the feet of a sharp calked horse, and, looking up, he saw a sleigh heading straight toward him. At first he thought it was a revenue officer and stood ready to fight till he died rather than be captured. Then he saw a black plume past the horse's head and a moment later recognized Sheriff Peterson's wife. For a moment he stared, dumfounded, then looked desperately about him for a hiding place. Why, of all the women in the world, must he meet her and have her look upon his shame? Suddenly he laughed an ugly laugh and moved with head down straight toward the approaching horse, and as the animal came opposite sprang and caught the bridle.

"Al Brock!" For a long moment the sheriff's wife sat motionless, paralyzed with astonishment and fear. Then she snatched the whip and struck the horse across the flank. It leaped forward with a snort, but with one hand gripping its nostrils Al threw it back upon its haunches.

"Get out!"

She looked [illegible] and then stepped out [illegible] without a word.

He leaped [illegible], whirling the horse [illegible] at a gallop toward [illegible] "You'd better trot along home and patch up Bob's head. It needs it!" he called over his shoulder. Then as escape became almost certain he laughed his old devil may care laugh and began to soothe the fine black roadster that under happier circumstances had once been his. Fifty rods more and he would be on American soil and within a half hour's drive of Ned Fletcher's. Then Bob Peterson and the extradition treaty be hanged!

Pop, pop, pop, pop! Al gave one look upstream at the long white ridge that was moving swiftly down upon him, then seized the whip and lashed the horse into a furious run. The freshet from the melting snow in the hills was sweeping down the river, heaving up the rotten ice in a jagged ridge as it came.

"Help! Help!"

The fleeing outlaw looked back at the woman and then as the commotion drew nearer stood up in the sleigh and drove the horse to the utmost limit of its speed.

"Al! Oh, Al!" came over the ice in piteous appeal.

Al started and the hard lines about his mouth softened as they had not softened for years. She had called him just like that when they were children playing together and the boat in which she had hidden had gone adrift above the falls.

"Al! Al!"

He looked hungrily at his "promised land," not ten rods away now, then swung the horse about and galloped back toward the woman. The ridge of heaving, splitting ice drew nearer, [illegible] him and left the horse floundering in the swift current among crunching ice cakes. He leaped from the sleigh and dashed on, leaving the brute to its fate. Out there where the ice was pounding, grinding, writhing, she was crouching upon a rocking cake, and he sped straight on over the heaving mass toward her with a nimbleness and sureness that had saved him a score of times from pursuing revenue officers.

"Quick, Al!" And as he snatched her from her perilous position she clung to him as though he were Al Brock of five years before instead of the most dangerous outlaw in the province.

The ice was now thoroughly broken up. It was as though the river were full of wallowing white monsters fighting each other to the death. Even with nothing to impede his flight his chances of reaching land would be remote. He knew that. He had seen three different men of his gang try to make the American side at such a time, and all three had gone over the falls.

As he leaped upon it a cake sank under him till the water reached his knees, and she gripped him convulsively. He looked at her as he had not looked at any human being for years and bounded on to the next cake. It turned over under his foot, and he sank to his armpits in water, scrambling out only a moment before the ice closed together with a grinding crunch. The jagged ice cut through his rotten [illegible] left blood at every step, [illegible] to his knees again and [illegible] by his battered elbows, [illegible] [illegible] to keep his charge out of the [illegible] [illegible] Al lost the slightest [illegible] and fell with a crash across a blue black slab whose adhering gravel cut like the teeth of a saw.

"Let me help myself, Al. You couldn't [illegible] yourself." And, scrambling to her feet, she started away, but soon slipped and fell with a dull thud, lying still by a strip of swirling water into which she had nearly plunged.

Al snatched her up and leaped across the widening channel, looking at the falls and then at the shore, still a quarter of a mile away. Could he make it? Reason and his battered body said no, but the white, still face at his shoulder with the ugly cut across the forehead cried out above reason, and he reeled on.

He was upon hands and knees now, dragging her painfully from cake to tilting cake. The one across which he was squirming collided with another, pinning fast the handcuff dangling at his wrist. He wrenched at the iron until it cut into his flesh, but could not free himself. He started to his knees and circled round and round in sudden panic, still clinging to the unconscious woman. Then the mass on which they floated struck something with a force that threw him over his fetter and nearly wrenched the pinioned arm from its socket. A glance about him revealed the truth. They were stranded upon a submerged ledge, and the ice was rapidly piling up about them.

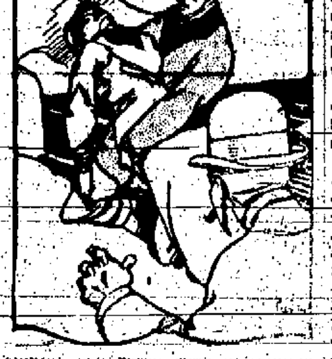
A cake of ice as large as a half barrel crashed down within a yard of his companion's head, and he tugged at his manacle until his wrist bled in another desperate attempt to free himself. Then he crouched and waited. Behind him the jagged white wall rose steadily higher, now ominously still, now groaning loudly as the whole mass slipped forward a few feet upon the ledge. They might lie there in this sheltering half circle which screened them from view and perish from the cold that would set in with the night. The mass might topple over and crush them at any moment.

He put his free arm under her head and raised it from the wet ice. The low sun illumined the tumbled mass of reddish brown hair and revealed with startling clearness the premature lines about her eyes and mouth. He knew that he had helped to put them there; that if he had gone straight and married her five years ago she would have been a different woman. And yet he had begun smuggling in order to raise money enough to start a home as good as Bob could give her.

A prolonged growl came from the wall of ice, something snapped, and then the entire mass moved shudderingly forward. The cake on which they lay began to settle. The water crept steadily up the sides, ran into the crevices about the edge and reached his shackled hand. He drew her closer to him and with infinite difficulty placed her upon his back. One dainty ear curled like the petals of a rose was within a few inches of his mouth, and he remembered as from another world the first time he had kissed it.

The chilly water was covering his chest now, and he rose upon his elbow. It reached his shoulder, his neck, his ear; then a falling cake splashed the water into his face. For a few moments he struggled blindly, frantically, like a trapped animal, [illegible] his hold upon her wrist. When his death struggle came, would he abandon her then like a selfish coward? His fingers tightened upon her wrist with a grip of steel, and as a wave broke over his head he closed his eyes in anticipation of the end.

Pop! He instinctively clutched at the edge of the leaping cake with his manacled hand. They were out of water



SINKING, EXHAUSTED, WITH HIS BURDEN UPON THE BANK.

now, moving swiftly away on a detached piece of ice. The cakes had thinned until the black water showed everywhere between them, and the danger was greater than ever before, but he gathered her into his arms and staggered on.

A lane of water ten rods wide opened before him, and he could go no farther unless he swam. Drawing her arm about his neck, he took her sleeve between his teeth and plunged in. The sleeve gave way, and he closed his teeth upon her wrist. The ice they at last reached proved rotten, breaking under his weight again and again. Finally he rolled out like a log and, hooking his manacled wrist about a hub, drew her after him.

Sinking from his icy bath like one in an ague fit, he was stooping to pick up his burden for the final dash, when suddenly he paused and looked across the clashing, grinding blocks to the shore. Yes, it was Bob Peterson running along the headland to meet him. He looked about him like a hunted animal brought to bay. Bob Peterson would have no mercy on him, even if he had saved his wife's life. To go on meant ball and chain and that horrible stone trap. Yonder was the precipice. All he had to do was to sit still and let the swift current have its way. To [illegible] drift over with [illegible] [illegible] very [illegible] revenge upon the man who had [illegible] him so mercilessly [illegible] [illegible] that headland [illegible] where she had clung to him in her childish terror [illegible] the drifting boat. For a moment he listened again to the cry in his ears across the years. Then with set jaws he snatched her up and carried on, at length staggering, exhausted, with his burden upon the bank a few rods above the brink of the falls.

"Thank God!" exclaimed the sheriff fervently as he bent above his still unconscious wife. Then his eyes encountered those of the man who had rescued her.

"Well, put on the irons. There's no more fight left in me," gasped the prostrate man defiantly, holding out his lacerated hands.

For answer the sheriff produced a long blue envelope. "Pity I didn't get it yesterday. It would 'a' saved me an ugly fist over the head," with a dry smile, handing the envelope to his companion.

Al, with ever increasing amazement written upon his haggard face, examined the document till he comprehended that it was his pardon, duly signed by the lieutenant governor of the province, then slowly folded it like a man in a dream. "Whose work is this, Bob?" at length with shaky voice.

"Hers," replied the sheriff, nodding toward his wife. "She wouldn't rest night or day till she got it."

For a time Al sat quite still, the muscles of his face working painfully. Then he rose slowly to his battered knees, and, bending over the sheriff's wife, sobbed as can only a strong man broken upon the wheel of remorse.

Snakes.

There is nowhere a snake with a sting in its tail, nor are there any snakes whose breath can poison even a fly, nor does a snake, fatally hurt, live until sunset.

Economy.

He—You're getting your hat ruined.
She—Well, it's an old hat, and I do hate to wet my new umbrella.

Why He Let Them Wed.

Dean Pigou had a quaint old verger whose name was Sagar. Imagine him, a venerable figure with gray hair, skullcap, gown and verger's staff. In ignorance they had married a man to his deceased wife's sister. Sagar, whose business it was to settle the matter about the banns, was at once cross examined. "Oh, yes, vicar," said he, "I knowed right well! I knowed parties." "But why did you not tell me? I should have forbidden them." "Well, vicar, it was just this way, do you see. One of the parties was eighty-four and t'other eighty-six. I says to myself, 'Lord, it can't last long. Let 'em wed, and bother the laws!'"—London News.

Mothers with little children need no longer fear croup, colds and whooping cough. Bees Laxative Cough Syrup tastes good. It works off the cold through the bowels, cuts the phlegm, clears the head. For young and old. Guaranteed. Secure a bottle at once. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and O. A. Anderson, Coleogrove.

CLOTHES AND THE MAN.

Dante's Rebuke to the King With Whom He Dined.

That clothes make the man was as much a truth in Dante's day as now, according to an old story told by Sercambi. Dante was invited by a king to dine with him, along with a few other chosen friends, but he came attired quite shabbily, was given a place below the salt and was overlooked and apparently forgotten until the feast was over, when the king, having recollected himself, asked:

"By the bye, what has become of the poet I had intended to talk to?"

Dante, offended and hurt by the slight, had taken his departure, but returned when followed and invited anew. This time he came to supper superbly dressed in crimson velvet and gold and was served with extreme attention, but the courtiers observed with amazement that he poured the soup down his sleeves, tucked cutlets into his breast and smeared his rich attire with sauce.

"Good gracious, your majesty," observed the loftiest of the supping nobles, "why, but this poet such manners!"

The question was passed on to Dante, who quietly replied: "When I came here dressed shabbily and sat [illegible] I was forgotten, and now [illegible] in fine clothes [illegible] very much attended to. [illegible] that it was rather [illegible] than myself [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] of your [illegible]"

FAIRLY WARNED.

The Little Sister's Advice to the Prospective Bride.

It was big sister's wedding day, and [illegible] in the kitchen helping the cook. Little sister was there, too, and added frayed nerves to the excitement by demanding to know every other minute what a marriage was.

Finally mother became exasperated.

"If you speak again," she said, "I'll show you what a marriage is!" and little sister sat down very meekly.

But little sister had caught the excitement and could not keep quiet. Just as mother and the cook were busiest she asked her question again. For a full minute the kitchen resounded with [illegible], and then mother placed little sister on the chair again.

"Now," she said, "you know what marriage is."

That night the clergyman stood under the marriage bell in the parlor. Into the room came big sister on the arm of her father. Halfway up the stairs little sister watched her through the door and cried softly. Finally she could stand it no longer.

Just as the ceremony was about to begin a form came flying down the stairs and little sister burst into the room. [illegible] she cried [illegible] get married or you'll [illegible] spanking!"—New York [illegible].

Wanted a Square Deal.

The famous [illegible] sporting parson at [illegible] in the English [illegible], which [illegible] favorite [illegible] for [illegible] at the time of their immigration to England. When [illegible] by their [illegible] everybody in the parish, including the parson, at once turned out to join in the sport of knocking them down with sticks. One Sunday the people were in church and the parson in the pulpit when the church door was cautiously opened and a head appeared, with a beckoning finger. "Well, what is it?" asked the parson. "Cocks is coom!" The parson hurriedly shut up his sermon case. "Shut the door and lock it!" he cried to the clerk. "Keep the people in church till I've got my surplice off. Let's all have a fair chance."

Good Reason to Hurry.

The trials of a musical accompanist are many, if we may credit all the stories told of them. A young professional recently played accompaniments for the performers at a private entertainment for a fashionable charity, lasting for nearly two hours.

"Here, you see, I have no chance to take a breath for ten bars," said the amateur flute player, indicating to the accompanist a passage in his opening solo. "There are a number of such places in my solos, and if you'll hurry the time whenever you come to them it will be a relief to my wife, for all my family are subject to apoplexy and I've already had one slight attack."

Cleaning the Typewriter.

The most important thing in cleaning a typewriter is to get the dust and grit out of the machine—not farther into it, as is too often the case. At least twice a year every typewriter should be thoroughly cleaned with gasoline, and then the machine should be left alone until all the gasoline has evaporated. Then all points of friction should be oiled and the ribbon, which was, of course, removed at the start, replaced. Simply as a business proposition it pays to keep typewriters covered when not in use.—Clerk.

A Tempting Chance.

Jones—That young man who plays the cornet is ill.
Green—Do you think he will recover?
Jones—I am afraid not. The doctor who is attending him lives next door.—London Tit-Bits.

Both Better Off.

"Don't grieve; your husband is better off."

"So am I," responded the young widow; "he carried $25,000 life insurance."—Houston Post.

The world is too small for the covetous.—Latin Proverb.

To cure a cold first move the bowels. Bees Laxative Cough Syrup acts gently on the bowels; drives out the cold, clears the head. It's pleasant to take, and mothers highly recommend it for colds, croup and whooping cough. Guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded. Equally good for young and old. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, and O. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

SPORT IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

Hawking Then One of the Most Popular Forms of Hunting.

Have you ever noticed a hawk soaring and floating high up against the sky? Have you seen him busy apparently in embroidering a wonderful pattern of loops and curves, putting in a wing beat here and a long float there, and then suddenly, without a moment's warning, seem fairly to drop to the ground, pause a moment and then rise slowly and fly to some nearby tree?

The splendid flight was made with a purpose. He was looking out for his prey, and when he saw with his keen eyes some field mouse scampering across a field, or a tiny bird cowering in a bush, or picking up a meal among the grass, he fell from the sky, seized the little creature and took it off in his talons to eat it at leisure in some convenient tree.

This method of pursuing his prey was taken advantage of in the middle ages and later times to provide for man one of his most popular forms of hunting. The birds were chosen with greatest care, each kept was trained to hunt for his own particular sort of prey, and great parties of lords and ladies, followed by many attendants, rode out into the fields and marshes to "fly" their birds, as they called it, and watch them strike their quarries.—N. Hudson Moore in St. Nicholas.

MAKING A BALLOON.

The Way It Is Patched, Varnished and Powdered.

A balloon consists of patches of cloth about a yard square sewed securely together. This is not because of any difficulty in making the fabric of a globular shape, for that could easily be done if the pieces were shaped like the skin on the section of an apple. The reason is that no absolutely reliable fabric has yet been invented, and there is always the possibility of the balloon bursting. Should this happen to one of these patches, the escape of gas will not be dangerously rapid, as it would be if larger sections were used.

When the balloon is made it is carefully varnished, three coats being given, and each being allowed to dry thoroughly before the next is applied. If one coat is left moist the fabric will be attacked by a species of dry rot, which will make it as fragile as the paper this is printed on. In the early days of ballooning many fatal accidents were due to this defect, but now the utmost care is exercised.

When a balloon is packed up for a journey, powdered chalk is sprinkled between the folds, as otherwise they would stick together and tear.—Pearson's Weekly.

Hard on Joseph.

Outside the photographer's establishment in the little country town stood two figures, evidently father and son. At last they went in.

"[illegible] Joseph, 'ere, maister," said the fond parent—and Joseph was promptly placed in a chair and requested to compose his features for awhile.

The photographer's specialty was quick developing, and soon several negatives lay before the purchaser.

The father gazed uneasily at them for a space and then said nervously:

"You say in the window, maister, as 'ow yer can touch up the picture to give any effect agreeable to yer customers."

"That is so," assented the artist readily, hastening to add, with his best professional smile, "but in your son's case any retouching is absolutely unnecessary."

"Ow, aye!" said the father. "That be main like Joseph, but to tellee truth he's got to send up wi' his testimonials for a job, an' I'd like yer to alter his photo to make him look honest like!"—London Mail.

Puzzling Scottish Terms.

There are many puzzling differences between Scottish and English law terms. For instance, bankruptcy is in Scotland an "act of sequestration," a solicitor is either a "writer" or a "law agent," the argument in a case is the "debate," the assize is the jury, a wrongdoer is a "delinquent," an idiot—in Scottish law—is "a fatuous person," and burglary is (with true Scottish caution) "housebreaking with an aggravation." Finally, an author is, in Scotland, not a person who writes, but the vender or seller of real property, from whom the title to it is derived.

Her Discovery.

Professor—Some of the grandest inventions of the age have been the result of accidental discoveries.

Young Lady—I can readily believe it. Why, I made an important discovery myself, and it was the purest accident too.

"I should much like to hear it."

"Why, I found that by keeping a bottle of ink handy a fountain pen can be used just the same as any other pen, without any of the bother and mess of filling it."

A Timely Warning.

Mr. H. was recently presented with a handsome revolver, whose qualities he was testing by firing blank cartridges into the air, when his daughter Natalie, aged six, appeared upon the scene. "Oh, papa," she exclaimed in great distress, "don't shoot at the sky; you might kill an angel!"—Circle.

He Meant Well, But—

"Brains in woman should count for more than beauty."

"Oh, but, Miss Sweetly, your beauty is too strong an argument on the other side of the question."—Browning's Magazine.

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McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Oct. 3, 1907

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Ridgway's typhoid fever epidemic is steadily decreasing.

—Fry and Comes have a new ad. to-day of especial interest to ladies. Don't fail to read it.

—"Ole Olson" will be the next attraction at the Lyceum next Tuesday evening, Oct. 8. See ad in another column.

—Allen McFarland, aged 63 years, was found dead at his home in Bradford about 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon. Deceased had for a long time lived alone. Death was due to natural causes.

—Last week Clarence Ramsey was convicted of murder in the second degree at Wellsboro for killing his aged father, Warren Ramsey, at Tioga Pa., February 12. The evidence showed that Ramsey, after killing his father in his home, hid the body in the snow. Ramsey made two confession but afterwards tried to prove an alibi.

—Punxsutawney Spirit: Charged with larcehary, resisting an officer and feloniously cutting, Serafim Siramino, believed to be one of the worst of the Black Hand men and all around desperados in this section, was arrested shortly after four o'clock Friday afternoon by Sergeant Chambers and Private Hale, of Troop D, state police, at Camp Run [illegible] desperate fight.

—The music of Harold Orlob in "The Lamitie and the Lady" which will be the attraction at the Lyceum next Friday Oct. 11, is unusually pretty. The company is a very large and well balanced organization, numbering thirty-five people with a chorus, christened by a New York critic, the "Some Noise Girls". New scenery and costumes have been provided and the production is said to be one of the most pretentious of the year.

—Married, at St. Gabriel's church, Wednesday morning, by Father Downey of Emporium, Mr. Harvey Fulton and Miss Cornelia Wiepper, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Wiepper of Port Allegany. Neither of these people need any introduction by the Reporter, the groom residing here for the past half dozen years, a well known, respected glassworker, The bride has lived here all her life and has a large circle of friends.-Port Allegany Reporter.

Strong Soup.

In the life of William Stokes, written by his son, it is told how Stokes was sent over to Dublin during the great famine to show the people how to make soup. Stokes asked a starving beggar why she did not go and get some of the soup that was being freely distributed.

"Soup, is it, your honor? Sure, it isn't soup at all." "And what is it, then?" inquired Stokes. "It is nothin', your honor, but a quart of water boiled down to a pint to make it sthrong!"

This is the soup maigre which Hogarth caricatured in his picture of the French troops at Calais.—London Standard.

Mixed Liquors Barred.

Rory MacSnory was the village blacksmith and one of the most powerful singers in the choir of the kirk at Auchleucheries. To show off his voice to full advantage he would vary his style from bass to alto and from alto to treble in the same hymn.

The minister had long observed that Rory's methods were upsetting the general melody of the congregation's singing, and at length he resolved to bring the culprit to book.

"Hymn 34," he announced, "and a' thegither. And, Mr. MacSnory, if ye're tae sing tenor, sing tenor, or if ye're tae sing bass, sing bass, but we'll hae nae mair o' yer shandygaff!"—Dundee Advertiser.

The Reason.

All sorts and conditions of men have excellent reasons for their position in life. Illustrated Bits tells of a tramp who had no illusions about the cause of his own condition:

Mrs. Finehealth (at hotel entrance)—No. I have no money to spare for you. I do not see why an ablebodied man like you should go about begging.

Lazy Tramp—I s'pose, mum, it's fer about the same reason that a healthy woman like you boards at a hotel, instead of keeping house.

But She Did Tell.

Ella—Bella told me that you told her that secret I told you not to tell her. Stella—She's a mean thing. I told her not to tell you I told her. Ella—Well, I told her I wouldn't tell you she told me, so don't tell her I did.—Judge.

A Mean Dig.

Myrtle—Look what a lovely diamond engagement ring George has given me. Estelle—Yes; it's lovely. It nearly broke my heart when I sent it back to him.

Your skin should be clear and bright if your liver is in normal condition. Dades Little Liver Pills act on the liver; and headache, consumption and billiousness disappear. Price 25 cents. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and O. A. Andersons Colegrove.

A Rigid Examination.

Colonel Alexander Gardner, in his volume entitled "Soldier and Traveler," says that during a stay in Asia he was once suspected of being a Russian spy.

This was an accusation of great consequence, as Russians were very unpopular at the time, but the traveler was prostrate with fever and almost indifferent as to what might befall him.

Application was made to the khan of Khiva, and in a great state of anxiety as to the traveler's identity he deputed three learned men who had traveled over half the world to examine him. This was the abstruse and terrific examination with which they were satisfied:

"What are you?" asked they.

"An American," was the answer.

Still they were suspicious, and one man, a very enlightened scholar, offered as a crowning test this deep and conclusive geographical question:

"Could you go by land from America to England?"

"No," was the prompt reply, and the questioner, as much astonished at his own superior learning as at the traveler's integrity, declared that he was convinced. This was [illegible] indeed.

Knighted, [illegible]

John Puryear [illegible] of Mosby [illegible] when the [illegible] Virginia [illegible] ground for [illegible] ters of the civil war. Puryear was a mere stripling when the war began and put on his first long trousers as a soldier of the Confederacy. Nevertheless, he fought like a veteran. He lacked a veteran's balance, for, although fearless, he had not the slightest judgment, a fact which, says Mr. Munson, the author of "Mosby's Men," Mosby once recognized with considerable humor. All that Puryear knew about war was what he gathered in each mad rush through the ranks of the enemy with his long black hair flying in the wind and his revolver hot with action. He rode like a centaur, and no enemy ever existed that he would not engage hand to hand, hip and thigh. After one of the most daring rushes Mosby said to him:

"Puryear, I am going to make you a lieutenant for gallantry."

Puryear swept his plumed hat in a bow that was royal in its grace.

"But," continued Colonel Mosby, "I don't want you ever to command any of my men!"

Shark Worship In Hawaii.

The shark has been perhaps the most universally worshiped of all the Hawaiian animal gods. Strange as it may seem, the islanders formerly regarded the shark as being the friend and protector of all those who paid him devout attention. Each locality along the coast of the main islands of the Hawaiian group formerly had its pet [illegible] shark, whose name, place of abode, history, etc., were all well known to his superstitious worshipers. The biggest and most celebrated of these shark divinities was a [illegible] whose mouth was so large that he could easily swallow any other shark known to frequent these waters. According to the Hawaiian folklore stories, the bulk of this "god of the sea" was so great that he could not pass through the narrowest channels which separate the different islands, but spent his time swimming around the whole group and looking after the welfare of the people.

The Pelican and Its Pouch.

Among the curiosities of nature must be reckoned the pouch of the pelican, which serves equally well as a net with which to scoop up fish and as a bag to convey food to its young. When not in use the bird can contract its pouch so that it is hardly discernible, but when it is fully distended it will hold [illegible] gallons of water. When the pelican is hunting for food it [illegible] twenty feet above the surface of the water, scanning its depths for any sign of its prey. As soon as a fish is seen there is a sudden folding of a pair of wings, a downward plunge with the speed of an arrow head first into the sea, the unerring marksman reappearing in a moment and floating on the waves long enough to reveal a glimpse of a fish gliding down its capacious gullet and to shake the water from its disheveled plumage.

Men and Their Autographs.

An experienced autograph collector can almost tell to what profession a man belongs by the grudgingness or otherwise of his response. Actors and vocalists never demur. They rather seem to like it. Poets and authors of fiction accede, but with a certain cold dignity; metaphysicians and philosophers either refuse altogether or comply with a bad grace; dramatists not only send their autographs, but a quotation from their works as well; peers sign, but with a stiff and formal hauteur; judges and barristers sign in such a way that it is not possible to squeeze an I. O. U. above the name. In fact, every class has, of course, with exceptions, its own way of dealing with the importunity of the autograph fiend.—H. I. Jennings in Connoisseur.

Social Life Long Ago.

The stately dames of the court of Edward IV. rose with the lark, dined at 11 a. m. and retired to rest at 8 in the evening. Henry VIII. went back to 10 in the morning for dinner and had supper at 4. In Queen Bess' days her maids of honor began the day with a round of beef or red herring and a flagon of ale for breakfast at about 6:30 and dined at 11, and then went to the playhouse in the afternoon not later than 2, sometimes as early as 12:30, according to the order of the play and the day.

Two Phases of the Case.

"How long is it going to take to get through with this case?" asked the client, who was under suspicion of housebreaking.

"Well," replied the young lawyer thoughtfully, "it'll take me about two weeks to get through with it, but I'm afraid it's going to take you about four years."

"Listeners Seldom Hear," Etc.

Two elderly maiden sisters had long lived together—one gentle and sweet, the other acrid in temper and forbidding in appearance. The former was taken suddenly ill, and the other, anxious to know whether the doctors thought her sister would live—as she was desirous of acquiring the money she knew her gentle sister had willed her—hid behind a screen in the morning room, where the doctors soon after came down to consult.

"Well," asked Dr. Harris, "what do you think of her?"

"Think of her?" cried Dr. Brown. "Of all the antiquated, vinaigretted old hags ever created I think she is the very worst! What is Providence thinking of to inflict pain on that gentle soul upstairs and leave untouched a gaunt, withered caricature of humanity such as this other? Jump into my motor with me, and we'll chat about our patient as we go."

And they "goed," leaving the eavesdropper to come from her hiding place as they retreated.—Illustrated Bits.

Literary Stone.

The struggling author boldly entered the editorial sanctum.

"I have come with my latest story," he announced.

"Brief, say?" [illegible] the busy editor. "[illegible]"

"Well, this is from the first chapter: [illegible] Suddenly he dropped on his knees before the [illegible] and boldly proposed. It was then that she answered with a stony stare and handed him the marble heart. Then'"—

But the busy editor reached for the clipping shears.

"Young man," he thundered, "you have made a mistake. Take that story down to the nearest stoneyard. This is an editorial office."—Chicago News.

None In Sight.

"Any interesting legends about here?" asked the tourist.

"No," returned the native slowly; "ain't never seen any, though you may find 'em if you hunt in the woods."

Why?

Johnny—Isn't a tin horn made of tin, mamma? Mamma—Certainly it is. Johnny—Then how is it that a fog horn isn't made of fog?

Kemp's Balsam

Will stop any cough that can be stopped by any medicine and cure coughs that cannot be cured by any other medicine.

It is always the best cough cure. You cannot afford to take chances on any other kind.

KEMP'S BALSAM cures coughs, colds, bronchitis, grip, asthma and consumption in first stages.

It does not contain alcohol, opium, morphine, or any other narcotic, poisonous or harmful drug.

New Spring and Summer Styles in Shoes.

Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.

Anderson & Carlson,
Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

L. K. Hogarth

We have New Designs in

Hand Painted AND Cut Glass

Our Glass is Hawkis Standard Ware suitable for acceptable wedding gifts. We pack ready for shipping free of charge.

L. K. HOGARTH,
Leading Druggist.
Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT

I am headquarters for

SHEET IRON

ZINC

BRASS

COPPER

and TIN

STOVE PIPE

made to order, any size

Anything in the tinner's line given prompt and careful attention.

EDGAR W. STRONG,
BOTH PHONES.
RUBIN BLOCK. SMETHPORT

Notice.

The following accounts of executors, administrators and guardians, having been settled in the office of the Register of Wills, the same will be presented for confirmation at the Orphans' Court, to be held at Smethport, in and for the County of McKean, in the State of Pennsylvania, on the first Monday of October, A. D. 1907.

First and final account of Elizabeth M. Field, executrix of the last Will and Testament of William R. Field, deceased.

First and final account of W. F. Hastings, guardian of Harvey F. Hannon, late minor child of John F. Hannon, deceased.

First and final account of [illegible] guardian of Frederick [illegible] Helen McKenner, deceased.

First and final account of E. D. Martin, administrator of the estate of [illegible] deceased.

First and final account of [illegible] administrator of the estate of [illegible] deceased.

First and final account of C. V. Gillis, guardian of Thomas Barnes, late minor child of Thomas E. Barnes, deceased.

First and final account of Virginia [illegible] administratrix of the estate of [illegible] deceased.

First and final account of W. [illegible] guardian of Anna M. Wright, late minor child of Eva Bemisler, deceased.

First and final account of [illegible] guardian of Carl F. Grimes, a minor child of Allen E. Grimes, deceased.

First and final account of S. F. Healey, administrator d. b. n. c. t. a. of the estate of John W. McCray, deceased.

JOHN B. EASTMAN, Register.

Smethport, Pa., September 7, 1907.

Photo Fancies

For Smart Young Ladies & Gentlemen

THE HIT OF THE SEASON.

Something more than a Photograph. We know they will interest you.

CALL and Ask About THEM

"IKE" GLEASON, The Photographer
Smethport, Pa.

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful [illegible]

KERI

[illegible] St.

Weak Women

To weak and ailing women, there is at least one way to help. But with that way, two treatments, must be combined. One is local, one is constitutional, but both are important, both essential.

Dr. Shoop's Night Cure is the Local.

Dr. Shoop's Restorative, the Constitutional.

The former—Dr. Shoop's Night Cure—is a topical mucous membrane suppository remedy, while Dr. Shoop's Restorative is wholly an internal treatment. The Restorative reaches throughout the entire system, seeking the repair of all nerve, all tissue and all blood ailments.

The "Night Cure", as its name implies, does its work while you sleep. It soothes sore and inflamed mucous surfaces, heals local weaknesses and discharges, while the Restorative, eases nervous excitement, gives renewed vigor and ambition, builds up wasted tissues, bringing about renewed strength, vigor and energy. Take Dr. Shoop's Restorative—Tablets or Liquid—as a general tonic to the system. For positive local help, use as well

Dr. Shoop's Night Cure

(ALL DEALERS)

A. STURDVEINT

I have purchased the candy and fruit stand formerly owned by John Musanti, near the Browsell grocery and will carry a full line of

Fruits, Nuts, Confectionery, Etc.

Your patronage is solicited.

PINEULES

30 DAYS' TREATMENT [illegible]

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

FOR ALL KIDNEY [illegible] TROUBLE, RHEUMATISM AND LUMBAGO

A dose at [illegible] ally relieve [illegible] severe case before mo [illegible]

BACK-ACHE

PINEULE MEDICINE CO. CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Sold at Palace Pharmacy, Smethport by O. A. Anderson, Colegrove, Pa.

R. G. TERRY.

MEATS
FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Groceries

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

Sable's
57 MAIN STREET
BRADFORD, PA.

JEWELER OPTICIAN

Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.

Over Hamilton's Shoe Store.
Bell Phone 800 Union Phone 403

BURDICK & SARTWELL
PLUMBERS

We have opened a shop in the basement of the Mason block, under Hagberg & Sherburne's store, where we are prepared to do all kinds of plumbing in a neat and satisfactory manner.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $2.00 each.

Address all communications to:

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Oct. 3, 1907

Republican Ticket.

For State Treasurer,
HON. JOHN O. SHEATZ,
Philadelphia.

For County Treasurer,
HON. A. F. BANNON,
Bradford.

For Coroner,
E. R. SHERMAN,
Bradford.

The Swedish Yacht club of Stockholm has addressed an inquiry to the New York Yacht club as to whether the latter would accept a Swedish challenge for the America's cup.

The nation paid homage Monday to the memory of William McKinley when the splendid monument which marks his last resting place was unveiled in the presence of an assembled throng such as Canton, Ohio, never saw before and with the president of the United States as principal speaker.

Two United States army officers have shown themselves to be true Americans. In a dispute between them they settled the matter by having a fist fight. German or French officers would have fought a duel in such case and thereby stuck to their traditions by sticking themselves. Americans know a less dramatic but more practical way.—Bradford Era.

Five thousand revolvers, confiscated by the Police Department in the last two years, were Saturday carted away from headquarters and dumped in the ocean at a point off Fire Island says a New York dispatch. The disposition of the weapons was in accordance with Commissioner Bingham's new policy that they should not be auctioned off indiscriminately and at a low cost as has been the custom heretofore. The guns were estimated to be worth $5,000.

While all indications point to a sweeping Republican victory next month in State and county the average voter should not lose his interest in election. Especially in the contest for county treasurer should more interest be shown. It is understood that the Democratic candidate and his friends will make their best fight for victory, and while Hon. A. F. Bannon apparently has a cinch on being the next county treasurer his supporters should not let overconfidence keep them away from the polls next month.

REPUBLICAN LINES SOLID.

Senator Knox, Governor Stuart and Former Postmaster General Smith Unite in Call to Elect John O. Sheatz State Treasurer.

[Special Correspondence.]

Harrisburg, Pa., Oct. 1.

United States Senator Philander C. Knox, Governor Edwin S. Stuart and former Postmaster General Charles Emory Smith make a distinguished trio that have gone upon record, within the last few days, in most emphatic terms in favor of the election of John O. Sheatz, the Republican nominee for state treasurer.

Not only have they eulogized Mr. Sheatz in the highest terms, but they have sent a note of warning to Republicans of the Keystone state of the danger that would come to the Republican party in the nation as the result of a Democratic victory in Pennsylvania this fall.

Upon the eve of a presidential campaign they plead for the wiping out of all factional lines, the cementing of the party organization, and a vigorous and aggressive onslaught upon the works of the common enemy in this, the skirmish of a great national political battle.

Knox Points the Way.

Senator Knox, who is taking a lively interest in the state campaign, has, over his own signature, just given expression to these sentiments:

"We have in Pennsylvania this year a perfectly simple proposition, and one in respect to which I do not think it is possible to mislead the public.

"The Republican party has presented a good candidate on his own and his party's good record; and, after all, how much more substantial a record is than a prospectus. There are no side issues this year and no middle ground. The issue of the campaign now on is the approval or disapproval of the party's unswerving continuity of act and purpose to express the public will in legislation and administration.

Live Issues Are Met.

"The Republican party in Pennsylvania has responded to the awakened political and commercial conscience of the people in a way which would commend itself to all to whom political and commercial rights are dear. The reform measures for the protection of the elective franchise; the abolishing of fees in elective offices; the safeguarding of the state's funds and other legislation of the late extra session of [illegible] to which has been added the legislation of last winter of almost equal importance in character and effect, constitute a record of real achievement for which the Republican party can justly claim credit.

"The last time we tried conclusions in Pennsylvania with our friends of the opposition we marched to victory with Edwin S. Stuart at the head of the ticket, who, as governor, has fulfilled all the expectations and predictions expressed of him.

"Now, with a record of permanent reform to our credit, one of the fruits of which was the untrammeled selection of John O. Sheatz by delegates directly chosen by the people, we should poll a vote for this candidate of unassailed integrity and large public experience that will set at rest once and for all the shallow pretense that Republican success in this campaign involves anything beyond the enforcement of Republican policies and the calling of a well-tried and tested public servant to higher honors and graver responsibilities for which he is eminently qualified."

Governor Goes Upon Record.

Governor Stuart, who has promised to make one or more speeches in favor of Mr. Sheatz's election, in commenting upon the issues in the state canvass, said:

"This campaign turns solely upon the election of a state treasurer, and next to the election of an honest man it is important to elect a Republican. I do not propose to indulge in personalities. Mr. Harman is an upright, honest man. I have known Mr. Sheatz for 20 years, and there is no reason why every Republican cannot vote for John O. Sheatz for state treasurer. I was in almost daily contact with Mr. Sheatz during the legislative session. He was chairman of that most important committee, appropriations, and I know no man who ever held public office or trust who took care of the purse strings more honestly than did he.

"Every act that he performed was for the good of the commonwealth. I say this from a personal knowledge of the man. Sheatz stands for honesty in politics and decency in the management of public affairs. Any man who stands for anything else is not a Republican and not deserving of the name."

A Tip to the Independents.

Former Postmaster General Charles Emory Smith, and one time minister to Russia, is already upon the stump advocating the election of the Republican nominee for state treasurer.

Mr. Smith is looked upon as expressing the views of those with whom he has been associated in independent political movements in this state, and his pronounced stand in behalf of Mr. Sheatz has discouraged the Democrats, who had been counting upon independent support for their ticket.

"I am glad," says Mr. Smith, "that the Republican party is now united in Pennsylvania in support of an exceptionally strong candidate for the office of state treasurer.

"The party is harmonious, and I am asking all who have stood with me in the past, for the principles which I have championed, to give loyal and earnest support to the Republican nominee for state treasurer, Mr. John O. Sheatz.

"Mr. Sheatz has a splendid record as a member of the general assembly.

"In 1905 he alone of all the members of the legislature from Philadelphia had the courage and independence to stand up and vote against the ripper bill. He was chairman of the committee of appropriations, and in all the work of that important committee, around which the cormorants of the state flutter, there is not a single blot or blemish, and there has not been a criticism of any of its actions."

Messrs. Knox, Stuart and Smith all predict the election of Mr. Sheatz by a large majority.

They Needed the Medicine.

Some years ago a railway was being made in the west of Scotland, and it was arranged that each of the numerous laborers employed should pay a penny per week to a medical practitioner, so that they might have his services in the event of accident or medicine in case of illness.

During the summer and autumn neither illness nor accident occurred.

But when a severe winter followed all at once the "navigators" began to call on the doctor for castor oil.

Each brought his bottle, into which an ounce was poured, until the oil was exhausted, and the doctor was forced to send to town for a further supply.

When that, too, was getting low the doctor one day quietly asked a healthy looking fellow what was wrong with the men that they required so much castor oil.

"Nothing wrong at all, doctor," he replied, "but we grease our boots with it."—London Chronicle.

Stomach troubles, Heart and Kidney ailments, can be quickly corrected with a prescription known to druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Restorative. The prompt and surprising relief which this remedy immediately brings is entirely due to its Restorative action upon the controlling nerves of the Stomach, etc.

A weak Stomach, causing dyspepsia, a weak Heart with palpitation or intermittent pulse, always means weak Stomach nerves or weak Heart nerves. Strenghen these these inside or controlling nerves with Dr. Shoop's Restorative and see how quickly these ailments disappear. Dr. Shoop of Racine, Wis., will mail samples free. Write for them. A test will tell. Your health is certainly worth this simple trial. Sold by All Dealers.

Trial Catarrh treatments are being mailed out free, on request, by Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. These tests are proving to the people—without a penny's cost—the great value of this scientific prescription known to druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Remedy. Sold by All Dealers.

Do you know that Pinesalve Carbolized acts like a poultice in drawing out inflamation and poison? It is antiseptic. For cuts, burns, eczema, cracked hands it is immediate relief, 25 cts. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Bulletin.

Why You Should See Jamestown.

The Jamestown Exposition is no longer a prospect; it has developed into an interesting reality. Its field is distinctly historical, and it liberally illustrates by picture and reproduction the development of American civilization and American institutions from the day of the first settlement on Jamestown peninsula in 1607 through three hundred years to the present time. Famous buildings in the Nation's history have been reproduced by thirty different states, filled with memories of the olden times and of memorials of the upward march.

The National Government has taken a keen interest in the Exposition, and is one of its chief exhibitors. The display of modern warships of all nations on Hampton Roads is a unique and attractive feature, and the military manoeuvers lend a stirring touch to the daily program.

The Jamestown Exposition is a prominent event in our National history and should be visited by every American citizen who desires to see what three hundred years of American enterprise has wrought in our land.

The Pennsylvania Railroad offers attractive service via Philadelphia and its "Cape Charles Route;" by its routes via Baltimore and the Chesapeake Bay lines, via Washington and the Potomac River line, and via Washington and Richmond. The rates are reasonable and the fare varies according to the route and length of the stay.

Ask Ticket Agents for rates of fare, stop-over privileges, and time of trains.

Plenty of light and no eye strain.
Steadier than gas or incandescent. Not so sharp as the arc light.
Just a big, round, smooth, bright flame.

Family Favorite Oil The Best for Illuminating.

Gives the cheapest and best-for-the-eyes light known.
Removes all lamp troubles—no smoke, no soot, no dirt, no charred wicks.
Burns up full and bright to the last drop.
Your dealer will supply you right from the original barrel direct from our refineries.

WAVERLY OIL WORKS
Independent Refiners
PITTSBURG, PA.

Oils for All Purposes

Booklet sent Free

THE LYCEUM

One Night, Friday, Oct. 11.

THE MUSICAL KNOCKOUT

MELVILLE B. RAYMOND Offers

FRANK CHRISTIE

AND AN

Excellent Company of Farceurs

IN

THE LUNATIC AND THE LADY

SEE THE "SOME NOISE" GIRLS

You will Laugh not Again and Again

BUT

Again and Again and Again You Will Laugh.

Specially Added Feature

MLLE. GLETTE

World's Greatest Toe Dancer, from Melville B. Raymond's English Grand Opera Company.

Seat Sale, Wells' Drug Store. Prices, 25, 35, 50 and 75c.

PHOTOGRAPHY
PHOTOGRAPHY
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THE NEWEST AND MOST UP-TO-DATE IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

Am now located in my new building on East Main where I will be pleased to serve you in anything in the photography line. My work is of the best and I guarantee satisfaction. Also keep on hand an extensive line of picture frames and moulding.

Curt Witherow
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

PHOTOGRAPHY
PHOTOGRAPHY
PHOTOGRAPHY

Chase and Sanborn's Coffee.

"Specially Blended
Naturally Splendid"

If you have never tried it ask for a Sample Can.

Excellent Values at
20, 22, 25 & 35c per lb.

J. Colegrove,
Grocer,
Smethport, Pa.

Notice of Administration.

In the matter of the estate of Margaret E. Wilson, deceased.

Letters of Administration have been duly granted by the Register of McKean County upon the estate of Margaret E. Wilson, late of Keating Township, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, deceased, to the undersigned. All persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified and requested to make payment of said indebtedness; and all persons having any legal claim against or demand upon said estate are hereby notified to make proof of the same and present without delay to

W. E. WILSON, Administrator.
Cyclone, Pennsylvania, September 11, 1907.

Notice.

In the matter of the estate of James Landrigan, deceased.

Letters of Administration have been duly granted by the Register of Wills of McKean County upon the estate of James Landrigan, late of the township of Annin, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, deceased, to the undersigned. All persons indebted to said estate are hereby requested to make payment of said indebtedness; and all persons having any legal claim against or demand upon said estate, shall make the same known without delay to

O. D. UNDERWOOD, Administrator.
Coryville, Penna., August 28th, 1907.

DEPOSIT YOUR MONEY

IN THE

Grange National Bank of McKean County,

at SMETHPORT,

Where safety is assured, under the United States Government supervision and examination.

HOW PEOPLE LOSE THEIR MONEY

By consealing it about their person, by stowing it away in mugs, jugs and jars, by sewing it up in skirts and ticks; by tucking it under the couches and carpets, in cupboards and bureau drawers; these are some of the ways by which people lose their money, and sometimes their lives.

HOW PEOPLE SAVE THEIR MONEY

By depositing it in a good, reliable bank.

Confident that this bank fully meets the public needs, we tender its services to all who believe in keeping on the safe side.

New Millinery.

We are now showing all the latest and most stylish trimmed hats for ladies and children. A new assortment of beautiful waists and tailored skirts for Fall wear. The most up-to-date line of coats and furs for ladies. Novelties of all kinds.

Mrs. A. E. Hinman, Smethport.

They are all in

A new and complete line of everything for fall fov men.

New Swell Suits, The Latest Raincoats, Nifty Neckwear, Up-to-date Overcoats, Sweaters of all kinds.

Everything the best at the lowest prices.

We can fit your pocketbook as well as yourself.

H. W. RUBIN

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

The Brownell Store

ANDREWS & SCULL, PROPRIETORS

ORANGE PEKOE FERN PEAS
ENGLISH BREAKFAST TEA

Are having a great sale in our store at present and they well deserve it. If you have not tried them do so at once.

We also carry a full line of Fresh Groceries and the best of Berries and Green Goods.

Andrews & Scull.

If You Want Anything Good to Eat

Come and see us. We have the best line of

GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

in town. Searchlight is our leading brand of flour. New Teas and Coffees just arrived. We are also receiving fresh Oysters from Baltimore daily. Don't send out of town for we can sell you goods for cash as cheap as anybody. Give us a chance and we will prove it.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

WE WISH TO CALL YOUR ATTENTION TO OUR

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

We think we have it complete in every way. Please bring your family recipes and give us a trial. We have a fine line of

New Spring Novelties in Papetries. Also a new line of Chamois.

H. C. WELLS.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St. W. H. Hungerford, SMETHPORT

COFFEE

Gilt Edge, Castle and Emperor and Puritan
Palmer House, 35c 50c

Penns Cafe, Sensation and Canister, 30c
Black Coffee 10, 20, 22, & 35 cents

We Can Please You. Give Us a Trial.

A. E. FOSTER & CO

Cure Your Sick Headache

HUN-E-LAX
THE BEE-HIVE-SHAPED BOWEL BON BON

"Pure as honey." As good as it's pure. Keeps you sweet inside and outside.

Hun-E-Lax keeps you well.
Cures Sick Headache.
Promotes Activity of Liver.
Imparts Regular Habits to the Bowels.
Cultivates and Stimulates Health.
10 cents—The Box of 8—all druggists.
Wilds Laxative Company, Buffalo, N. Y.

FALL AND WINTER SUITS

The Popular "PRINTZESS" SUITS

$16.50, $22.50 and $25.00

are ready for you and cannot help but please.

The time is at hand for judicious buyers to be preparing and we are ready to help you. Yes, we help you save, for by buying "Printzess" Suits you save dollars.

Oh, yes, about the style. Well, they are "Printzess" styles and "Printzess" styles are the newest, latest and nobiest creations.

SEE THEM

THE LINDHOLM CO.

CHI-NAMEL DEMONSTRATION

At our Booth at the Fair.

Do not miss this opportunity to learn how to secure a new hardwood floor for $2.50. Any old floor, oil cloth or linoleum made to look like new hardwood. Any color, any style of grain. Lessons given free by special instructor.

Daly & Garlick.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Oct. 8, 1907

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Teachers' institute opens Oct. 28.

—Miss Ella Young of South street is reported ill with typhoid fever.

—The foot ball season is on. Nearly all the leading colleges have played their first game.

—Judge Bouton celebrated the opening of the hunting season by bagging three birds Tuesday.

—Adolph Engstrom is building a new porch around his dwelling house on East Green street.

—Five weeks from next Tuesday is "the time for all good men to come to the aid of their party."

—The hunting season for pheasants opened Tuesday and many sportsmen were early in the woods.

—Mrs. A. E. Hinman has a new ad. in this week's issue that all interested in artistic millinery should read.

—Miss Jessie Rooney, who has been employed as nurse for Howard Denning, has returned to Kane. The young man is getting along nicely.

—Chas. McVane has purchased of Andrew Ness the property at the foot of Hill street, and it is understood, will soon take possession of the same.

—At St. Elizabeth's church next Sunday Mass will be held at 10:30 a. m., and Sunday school at 12 m. Services in the evening at 7:45, subject, "The Rosary."

—W. V. Provin has purchased the bakery business of John H. Green at Olean and is now conducting the same. Both gentlemen are former popular residents of Smethport and have the [illegible] of many friends for [illegible]

—The severe frosts of the past week have commenced to give a fall-like tinge to foliage, but these are not melancholy days in Smethport. Everybody is too busy to be sad.

—The Smethport high school students have organized an outdoor basketball team and have apparatus for playing the game on the school house square east of the main building.

—William Glavin has purchased the line of men's shoes formerly handled by the Lindholm Co., and is now conducting a shoe store and repair shop at his place on Main street.

—Even the short lines of railroads in Pennsylvania come under the two-cent rate law. The Kushequa Route is selling tickets to all points on its lines at the rate of two cents per mile.

—Mr. and Mrs. Percy Brown have moved their household goods from Mt. Jewett and are now pleasantly located in the flat on the second floor of the Kerr building on Main street.

—The need of more street lights in Smethport is becoming pressing. Hardly a night passes but that a narrow escape from serious injury is reported owing to the darkness of the streets.

—Roulette, Potter county, will not be a borough at present. A recent petition presented the court at Coudersport was found to lack a majority of land-holders names and was consequently refused.

—"I'm so tired but I've got to do some darning before going to bed" says many a woman—it is because they are not acquainted with holeproof hosiery as advertised by Monheimer, on this page.

—Passenger trains on the Buffalo and Olean division of the Pennsylvania railroad were run through Bradford early this morning to Johnsonburg, owing to a wreck at Larabee, about three miles from Eldred. An engine had capsized and the engineer is reported to have been injured. The fast Philadelphia and Washington express from Buffalo was one of the trains to use the B. R. & P. [illegible]

—The Bradford Star says: "It is believed in baseball circles at present that there will be an Interstate league next season, which will include Bradford, Olean, Erie, Franklin, Oil City and Warren and possibly Sharon and New Castle."

—Saturday last Allen Park was taken to the hospital at Kane. He was accompanied by Mrs. Park. On Monday he was operated upon by Dr. Kune, assisted by Dr. Clark of Smethport. At this writing his condition is reported favorable.

—The two-cent rate law became effective last night and tickets are now being sold at two cents a mile to points in Pennsylvania. The law, of course, does not apply to points outside the State. This will make a considerable reduction in the cost of a trip to Philadelphia or Pittsburg.

—Two young men were brought before Justice Knapp, Tuesday, charged with larceny, but as there was not evidence enough against them they were discharged. The plaintiff in the case was a woodcutter, who claimed the defendants broke into his shanty and stole various articles, among them being a mattress and two quarts of alcohol.

—The Smethport Gas company has served notice on its patrons that after Nov. 1, 1907, the price of gas for domestic purposes will be 27 cents per 1,000 feet and for manufacturing purposes 17 cents per thousand, and subject to the discount of 2 cents per thousand feet when paid by the 15th of the month. This is an advance of 5 cents per 1,000.

—Pete Layton of Sawyer was held in $200 bail for surety of the peace, and fined $5 and costs or 15 days in the county jail for disorderly conduct in the Sawyer post office, by Alderman Stephen D. Fowley Monday afternoon. Layton is the man who was shot in the foot by Claton Buchanan in a row a few weeks ago and the suits against Layton grew out of the circumstances of that day.—Bradford Star.

—Patric Curran of Oil City, aged 68 years, who for 37 years has been a faithful trackwalker on the Allegany Valley railroad, was struck by a train Sunday and both legs terribly mangled. When the train was stopped the crew rushed back to the assistance of the injured man. He was still pulling away at his pipe which he had been smoking when the train struck him. He was taken to the hospital and is expected to recover.

—An "affinity club" has been organized at Spokane, its object being to establish an open door policy for bachelor girls and supply the matrimonial market of the Pacific Northwest. Five thousand young women are needed there at once. Transportation will be supplied to women of the East and marriage expenses will be borne by the club. It is the purpose of the movement to put an end to the girl famine in that section and the club's ambition is certainly to be commended.—Bradford Era.

—A special feature on which "The Lunatic and the Lady" company prides itself is the beautiful chorus christened the "Some Noise Girls" by a New York critic. These dainty misses will be seen at the Lyceum on Friday Oct. 11 next. The scenery and costumes are said to be new and very fine, while the company is one of the best musical organizations in the country. Frank Christie who plays the "Lunatic" was for two years with Buster Brown and has had considerable experience in stage [illegible] musical shows.

Personal Mention.

Mrs. J. C. Backus is visiting relatives in Eldred.

T. H. Purtle and M. B. Greer visited Bradford Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. L. K. Hogarth visited Rixford yesterday.

Mrs. N. H. Knapp visited friends in Ormsby yesterday.

Mike Scanlon of Colegrove was greeting friends in town Tuesday

Webb Hopper and Earl Hafner were Eldred visitors Sunday last.

T. F. Hungiville was a Bradford business visitor the first of the week.

Mrs. C. B. Corwin is visiting her sister Mrs. H. F. Grabe at Bradford.

Mrs. John Clark and Mrs. O H. Barker spent several days in Buffalo this week.

Hon James A. McKean and Attorney F. D. Gallup were Bradford visitors Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Colegrove and daughters, Edith and Harriet, were visitors in town Sunday.

Attorney F. D. Gallup and J. Clayton Backus departed yesterday for Toronto Canada, on a business mission.

Attorney D. S. Helmer of Port Allegany was in town yesterday and was a pleasant caller at the MINER office.

J. A. Holiter departed Saturday for the South where he will visit various points during the next two months.

Walter Daniels, the popular young glassworker and base ball player, has returned from his summer vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Weaver visited Kane Saturday last and took in "The Gingerbread Man" at the Temple theater.

Mrs. M. O'Reilly and Mrs. M. L. Bisett left today for New York while there Mrs. Bisett will purchase fall and holiday goods for her store.

C. L. Girardo who has a position for the cutlery plant recently started at Smethport, spent Sunday with his family in Kane.—Republican.

Senator G. W. Williams of Wellsboro was a brief, but pleasant visitor at the MINER office Tuesday. The Senator passed two days in town visiting friends.

Mrs. Clarence Parker of Smethport, who has been passing several days here as the guest of Miss Olive Winship, returned home this morning.—Port Allegany Reporter.

Roy Stark departed Monday afternoon for Bradford where he has accepted a good position with the Barnsdall Printing company. Roy is a skillful workman, who is very popular in this, his home town.

Auction Sale.

October 15, 1907, at 1 o'clock p. m., Walter Daly will offer for sale at his farm in Keating township all of his stock, farming implements, etc., which will be sold for cash or approved notes.

L. K. Hogarth has just received a large new stock of Hand Painted China and Cut Glass. Goods to be sent away will be packed free of charge.

Before buying wedding presents call and look over my stock. L. K. Hogarth.

AT THE LYCEUM,

TUESDAY NIGHT,

OCTOBER 8, 1907.

Wouldn't This "YAR" You!

Harry S. Brummell

The Very Best Swedish Dialect Comedian, presenting the Very Best Swedish Comedy.

OLE OLSON

YOU
Don't take chances
Know this is good
Have seen it before
Will see it again
Will hear Brummell

Seat Sale, Wells' Drug Store.
Prices, 25, 35, 50 and 75c.

Wm. MONHEIMER'S

DO YOU READ

magazines? If you do you must have seen and read of

Holeproof Hosiery

—that you can buy stockings or socks with a 6 Months Guarantee against holes. We sell that kind of hosiery; they are as fine as silk and WEAR LIKE IRON. If darning is necessary bring 'em back and get new ones. $2.00 for 6 pairs of Holeproof Hose for either Ladies or Gentlemen.

SOLD BY

WM. MONHEIMER.

Home Journal Patterns Monarch Shirts

FRY & COMES.

A PETTICOAT SALE

Our surplus stock of Mercerized, Moreen and Mohair Petticoats is on sale this week with prices substantially reduced. To add to this assortment we are including in the sale a lot of new Heatherblooms, just arrived which are exceptional values. At these special prices it would be practical economy to buy two or three as such an opportunity will not occur again.

Mohairs—Brown, Navy and Gray	$4.50 value at $3.25
Moreen—Black	5.00 value at 3.75
Hyde Grade Mercerized—Black	4.00 value at 3.00
" " "	3.25 & 3.50 value at 2.85
" " "	2.25 value at 1.75
" " Heatherblooms—Black	at 1.90, 2.50, 2.75, 3.25, 3.50
" " " Colors	at 3.75
Feathersilks—Black—Similar to Heatherbloom	at 3.25
Peachblooms—Black— at $2.00 Extra wide	at 2.25
Taffetas and Moreens—Black	at 1.00
Jersey Knit—Colors	at 50c & 1.00
Outing Flannel Patterns	at 25c

FRY & COMES

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ROOFING
NO TAR
STAND ON END

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are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States, and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamp on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

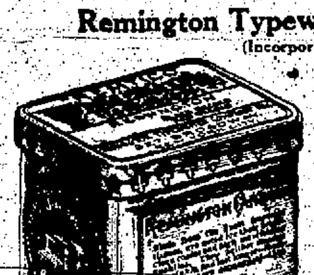
SMETHPORT PENN'A.

Stick to the Handle.

You get more facts about easy running, right at the crank of a separator than by listening to talk. If a separator turns easy, the crank tells you so as soon as you touch it. I am selling the lightest running cream separator made—and it's the best every way you look at it. It's

THE SHARPLES TUBULAR

The Tubular is the cleanest skimming, most durable, easiest to wash separator made. The waist low can saves your back—the enclosed gears your fingers—the self oiling device saves time, uses the oil over and over and prevents dripping on machine and floor. The Tubular skimmed 2 1-2 to 9 times cleaner than any other in a National Clean Skimming Contest. The Tubular is a money maker and labor saver—it increases the butter money 25 to 30 per cent. and lessens the work of handling milk about one half. Bring your wife around to see it. Let me give you a catalog with a lot of good things in it. J. W. WAITE, Smethport.



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SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Brasted's WILL FILL YOUR ORDER FOR ALL KINDS OF FANCY ICE CREAM IN BRICKS, MOULDS OR BULK ON SHORT NOTICE.

AUDREY'S APHASIA

By EPES W. SARGENT.

Copyrighted, 1907, by E. C. Parcells.

It had been rubbing it in to ask Dick Fitzgerald to act as one of the ushers at the Craven-Mountford wedding. Dick had been in love with Audrey Craven long before Sir Henry Mountford had come across the water in search of a bride and a bank account.

Mrs. Craven had shrewdly argued that with Dick acting as one of the ushers she would put a stop to the last shred of gossip. For several years their friends had looked for the announcement of Dick's engagement to Audrey, and the new turn of affairs had not met with popular approval. If Dick was an usher he might seem to give countenance to the alliance.

No one blamed Audrey for the engagement. [illegible] a man would have [illegible] credit as a [illegible]. In her refusing [illegible] she [illegible] her family. [illegible] of which she was [illegible] the president, and even the rector of St. Jude's recognized [illegible] Mrs. Craven and the Bishop in that degree.

When Sir Henry was graciously pleased to accept Mrs. Craven's diplomatic overtures their set had regarded Dick's fate as sealed and, with a murmured "Poor Audrey!" gave their attention to other affairs. The announcement that Dick was to be one of the ushers brought forth an additional "Poor Dick!" but he rather enjoyed his duties as, standing on the steps of St. Jude's, he explained to the wedding guests that the service was postponed owing to the absence of Miss Craven.

"We only know what word was sent up from the house," he assured Mrs. Pinders. "Miss Craven went out to visit Nell Testra last night. She left so early that no escort seemed necessary, but she did not return home. No one knows what happened. Mrs. Craven is prostrated. Sir Henry? I understand he is taking it very badly."

He bowed her away and turned to the next comer. There had been no time to recall the invitations, and the six ushers were too busy to give more than passing attention to any one person.

Sir Henry was taking it very badly indeed. He was storming up and down the long hall of the Craven home, and between disappointment and wounded pride the invectives of speech were quenched [illegible] would have done credit to a stable boy.

Mrs. Craven shut herself in the library long before he had concluded his remarks, and the stolid butler, aided by the coachman, ejected Sir Henry from the house, to the huge delight of the reporters who had vainly besieged the front door for the last hour or so.

Then Mrs. Craven took to her bed and vowed that no daughter of hers should ever marry into the British nobility, while Carver Craven hurried down to the police station to ask that a general alarm be sent out.

Nothing came of this action, and after a couple of days the papers dropped the sensation. Dick was distracted. Two days before the ceremony Audrey had assured him that things would turn out all right and had told him not to worry, but her long silence argued that she had not been able to make things go as she had planned and that she had killed herself rather than marry a man she did not love.

In the hope of distracting his mind the senior Fitzgerald entrusted him with a commission in Chicago, and Dick, glad to get away for a few days, took the train after exacting a promise that he should be informed by wire of any development.

The trip seemed interminable, but at last he reached town and established himself at a hotel. He could not see the people he wanted until the following morning, and to dispel his loneliness he hunted up Jim Dalton.

Dalton and he had been chums in the college days before Dalton had gone west to study medicine. He was interne in one of the hospitals now, and after dinner Dick and he went out.

"Want to see the animals?" asked his chum after the first flood of questions had been asked and answered. Dick shook his head.

"I'd rather talk," he said. "I'm in no mood to look upon suffering."

"We've got one celebrated case," said Dalton proudly. "Been in the papers almost a week now—a thriving pretty girl with aphasia. Doesn't know who she is or where she came from or where she wants to go. The funny part is that she suffers from none of the causes of the disease."

Dick smiled. "It must be pleasant to forget everything sometimes," he said. "You couldn't innoculate me, could you?"

"I never knew that it was infectious," said Dalton. "Still, you might try it in the interest of science. She usually comes in for a chat in the evening. She likes to talk about her case. She knows as much about the disease as I do."

He rang the bell, and a trim nurse appeared. "Will you ask Miss Smith to come in if she has not yet retired," he said, and he turned to Dick.

"I'll have to introduce you as a reporter," he said. "She's not like the average charity patient in a clinic, you know. It's evident that she is gently bred, and she might resent being on exhibition."

Dick nodded, but when the door opened to admit the patient he scandalized the physician by jumping up and clasping the girl in his arms.

To Dalton's further amazement the patient did not appear to resent the caress, and it was not until he stood beside them that they appeared to remember his presence. Then they separated, the girl blushing a rosy red.

"The sight of Mr. Fitzgerald has recalled me," she said in explanation. "I am Audrey—Audrey Craven, am I not?" she asked. Dick nodded.

"I remember now," she went on. "I was to be married to Sir Henry. Where is Sir Henry, Dick?"

"Home," said Fitzgerald beamingly. "Sailed the other day. He was kicked out of the house for cursing at your mother."

"But you said you lived here in Chicago," interrupted Dalton. "We never thought of inquiring in New York."

"I thought I did," she answered innocently. "What a lot of trouble I must have made! Was mother much worried, Dick?"

Dick smiled grimly. She was more angry than worried—angry that the best match of the season (from her point of view) was spoiled.

"She is very anxious," he admitted. "She thought you were a [illegible] detectives trailed me for a couple of days."

"The idea," she said, with a laugh, "and here I was all the time trying to find out who I was."

Dalton produced a stack of press clippings about her case. "We are going to make a scrapbook," he explained. "I suppose Miss Carver will want to take them home now."

"If you could spare them," she said sweetly, "I should love to have them."

"And I'll telegraph your mother," went on the physician. "What is the address? It's funny that you were a friend of Dick's. We were in the same class in college."

"It is odd," agreed Audrey. "Dick will wire mother. I suppose I shall have to wait until she comes on."

"I'm going back tomorrow night," he suggested. "What's the matter with getting married and making it a honeymoon trip?"

Dalton, scenting a romance, seconded the suggestion, and presently a minister, visiting a patient, read the marriage service to them in the doctor's office, with Dalton and the head nurse acting as witnesses.

The following evening they sat in the stateroom of the Pullman eastbound. "It was very nice of mother to take it so well," said Audrey comfortably.

"How could she do otherwise when every paper had the story of our romance?" he laughed. "She had to make the best of it."

Audrey patted the bulky envelope of clippings that lay on the seat beside her.

"Don't you think that was better than simply running away from home?" she asked. "It avoided all scandal."

"You mean that you didn't have aphasia?" he gasped.

Audrey nodded. "I had to do something," she explained, "and a mere run away seemed so vulgar. I think I did it very well."

"Blessed child," said Dick tenderly. "You are the most wonderful wife ever bestowed upon man."

Not to Be Balked.

A comparison made by an old carpenter twenty years ago may be applied in a much wider sense than he had in mind. He was speaking of two boys, brothers, who had been sent to him to learn the trade. They were bright boys, and their father, in telling the carpenter of his pleasure at their progress in their work, said he could not see but one had done just as well as the other.

"I'm not," said the carpenter. "I presume to say their work looks about of a piece, but I'll tell you the difference between those two boys. You give Ed just the right tools and he'll do a real good job, but Cy, if he hasn't got what he needs, he'll make his own tools and say nothing about it.

"If I were cast on a desert island and wanted a box opened, I should know there'd be no use asking Ed to do it without I could point him out a hammer.

"But, Cy!" added the old carpenter with a snap of his fingers, "the lack of a hammer wouldn't stump that boy. He'd have something rigged up and that box opened if there was any open to it. I expect Cy's going to march ahead of Ed all his life."

Twenty years have proved the truth of the words, for while the boy who "made his own tools" is rich his brother is still an ordinary workman.

Out of the Family.

The mild mannered old gentleman who was staying with Mrs. Girkins was a geologist, and when one morning his landlady's little son informed him that there was a queer old stone in a neighboring field he was in high glee.

"Come along and show me it," he said.

"I—I—I ain't got time, sir," said the boy, and he began a hasty retreat.

There were cattle in the field, but the professor took no heed of them until a terrible roar attracted his attention, and he saw a fierce bull advancing to meet him. It was a near thing, but the professor got safely out of the field. On the other side of the hedge he surprised his landlady's son.

"You little ruffian!" shouted the professor. "I believe you sent me into that field purposely. I believe you wanted to see me killed!"

"No, I didn't, sir," blubbered the boy. "It was mother did!"

"What?" gasped the professor.

"She 'eard a dog 'owlin' outside our 'ouse last night, and as it means there'll be a death in the 'ouse soon, mother thought it only right to try and 'ave it out of the fam'ly!" was the explanation.—London Tit-Bits.

BOLDLY DEFIED DEATH

When Petty Officer Willis Went Aloft In an Arctic Gale.

RISKED LIFE FOR HIS MATES

A Modest Naval Hero Who Accomplished a Feat That Seemed Utterly Impossible and Saved His Ship and the Lives of Forty Men.

The barkentine rigged steamer Tigress was a British sealer before our government bought her, a staunch, stout ship, having a record of many hundreds of miles in dangerous arctic seas. In 1873 the Tigress was fitted and equipped at the Brooklyn navy yard and dispatched to Baffin bay on an unusual and hazardous mission. Some of the members of the tragic Polaris expedition were believed to be alive and adrift on the floating ice. Commander Greer of the Tigress was ordered to [illegible] the ice pack [illegible] as [illegible] possible [illegible] to search every [illegible] the coast of Baffin Land for the survivors and the wrecked vessel. With him were Lieutenant Commander Henry C. White and Engineer George Wallace Melville, the last named becoming known subsequently as one of the heroes of the Jeannette expedition and as rear admiral.

Before the mast was a petty officer named Willis, a veteran of the rebellion, a scarred, weather beaten, powerfully built fellow, possessing the savage pluck which makes the true seaman. Had Willis not bunked in the Tigress' forecastle or had he been less than the man he was it is scarcely probable that a single one of the forty-four men on board would ever have come back.

After refitting at Disko late in August the Tigress turned her bluff bows to the northeast, crossed Davis strait and, pushing her way into every lead of free or blue water which afforded a passage, made a persistent but unsuccessful search for the castaways. This continued for several weeks—a strange cruise, but uneventful save when occasionally there came a terrible crash from a crumbling berg, quite near at hand, or the danger of collision with the towering ice wall sent the crew rushing to their stations.

One afternoon this strange existence came to an end with suddenness. The horizon thickened, a fresh wind sprang up, followed by a swashing sea and growing fog. The violent wind and mighty currents joined forces in a way that caused the Tigress to drift incalculably. It was discovered that her engines were not working satisfactorily. When, the next morning, it was seen that the gale was increasing, the choppy waves frothing wickedly under a sky dark as cinders, the commander at once turned southward. His staunch vessel driven and blown, he forced his way into Cumberland gulf, which afforded a meager shelter.

As soon as the gale lessened a trifle the engineer made ready to repair his machinery and boilers. Accordingly the heavy weather anchor was sunk, and with the vessel facing the wind's eye and behaving quietly the engine room force got the forge in place by the fire room hatch. However, as the sky was still ugly, they did not immediately bank the fires. The wisdom of this precaution was soon proved. During the night it began to snow. The snow fell fine and dry, and it seemed to grow much colder. At the same time the wind renewed the shrill [illegible] ing in all the ropes, and the vessel [illegible] down her nose to the gale, which was blowing again, more violent than before. [illegible] daylight revealed only [illegible] ly what a wild and terrible storm was raging—the swift, lowering clouds, the snarling, abrupt seas, which shook the vessel in all her timbers.

The Tigress tugged heavily at her chain, now diving, now springing to the top of a wave, which suddenly hollowed out, causing her to thrust down again, as if she would knock her head against the bottom. All at once a loud, sharp clang resounded through the ship. The anchor chain had parted! With a hissing roar the wind caught her, and the Tigress rose on the foam to leeward and soon after began to roll broadside on.

The rolling brought every one on deck. The engines were started. In time, after wallowing fearfully, the groaning ship was brought round to her old position, facing the seas. She lay as close to the wind as possible with a reefed staysail forward and the spanker halfway brailed up, the engines being kept going to hold her. All might have been well enough then if, to the dismay of all, the foretopgallant sail had not blown adrift. The big canvas, thrashing in the northeast gusts, endangered the mast. Every bound of the sail shook the mast like a whip. All hands watched it, hoping fervently to see it blow away from the yard for good and all.

Lieutenant White, the executive officer, had taken his station by the mainmast. The hurricane gusts now drove the waves the length of the deck. Sometimes the snow and smoky clouds of spray mingled in a dense fog, so that it was impossible to see anything. The lieutenant gripped the life line and listened to the fearful noise of the fiercely flapping sail. The men could not possibly handle it, he said to himself. It would be easy enough to shout through the trumpet: "In to'gallan's'l! Lay out and furl!" But who would obey the order? Anyhow it would only send brave men to their destruction.

As he stood there hooking his arm through a bight of rope one of the men came slowly toward him. The sailor worked his way along the frozen life line, stopping occasionally to duck below the rail to avoid the boarding seas. At last the man hailed himself up. It was Willis.

"Mr. White," he said, touching the rim of his cap coolly, "if we don't get in that sail the mast will go."

"It may hold, Willis," the officer answered. "Anyhow, it would be useless to send men aloft in such a gale."

"Some one must do it," said the sailor obstinately. "Send me."

"It can't be done. I would simply be sending you to your death."

Suddenly both men ducked involuntarily, and crouched against the mast. A high, dark wall of water was approaching the rail. It crashed upon the deck and swept over them. The vessel careened frightfully.

Once more Willis touched the rim of his round cap. "Mr. White, it means forty-four lives. If you won't send me," he muttered, "I am going anyway."

Struggling with the wind, he made his way to the weather shrouds and determinedly hauled himself upward. He was blown like a leaf against the ratlines. All hands watched him, yet in their anxiety there was scarcely a tinge of hope. They thought him half crazy to attempt such a thing. Suppose he passed the foretop in safety and reached the topgallant yard—he would instantly be blown into the sea. When he was not completely hidden by clouds of salt spray it could be seen that Willis was slowly and persistently crawling aloft, paying no more attention to the fearful lunging and leaping of the Tigress than to the shadowy abyss of boiling foams below him. He mounted the shrouds of the topgallant mast and after clinging there for a few minutes wormed his way along the spar until he reached the weather earing and then laid hold of the dangerous sail.

The wind shrieked and howled. It seemed an impossibility for the man to keep his place on the foot ropes of the veering yard, and it seemed incredible that he should be able to do anything with the boardlike, frozen canvas, which constantly bounded out of his grasp and then leaped toward him in an attack that was terrible in its grotesqueness.

Nevertheless his pluck, wariness and great strength served him well. Keeping clear of the waste of sail which blew off to leeward, he managed to furl the canvas inch by inch. An hour—two hours—passed. Finally he reached the mast. Should he now venture out to the end of the spar on the other side he could never escape, so felt the watchers anxiously, with one thought. They shouted to him to come down. Willis, however, did not answer them. He rested for perhaps a quarter of an hour and then attacked the canvas once more, furling from the mast to the outboard, thus keeping safely to windward of the flapping belly of the sail.

After five mortal hours Willis lowered himself to the deck. Exhausted as he was, so that he could scarcely stand, he made his way aft and reported to the lieutenant with the formality of an old man-of-war's man. "All secured aloft, sir." Then, ignoring the cheers of the crew, he went to his bunk in the forecastle.

The storm had not yet done its worst, but the Tigress rode it out in safety. Her engines were repaired and, word having been received that the lost members of the Polaris expedition had been picked up by a whaler, the vessel proceeded to the States. There one of the first official acts of her commander was to write to the secretary of the navy an account of Willis' heroic action.

As a result Willis was made a boatswain in the navy and received besides [illegible] present the medal of honor [illegible] for unusual and uncalled for daring and devotion to duty. Carl Horner in New York Tribune.

Fire, Air, Earth and Water.

The doctrine that man is made of the four elements is frequently referred to by Shakespeare. It forms the theme of two connected sonnets, the forty-fourth and forty-fifth, written in absence from the friend to whom his sonnets are addressed. The dull elements of earth and water cannot leap across the distance which separates him from his friend—that is the theme of the forty-fourth sonnet. The other two elements, air and fire, are gone on embassy to his friend, leaving him mere earth and water:

My life, being made of four, with two alone
Sinks down to death, oppressed with melancholy,
Until life's composition be recured
By those swift messengers returned from thee.

Thus the doctrine is applied to his purposes in the forty-fifth sonnet. "I am fire and air," cries Cleopatra when about to apply the asp to her breast:

My other elements
I give to baser life.

—Edward Dowden in Atlantic.

A Housewife's Frankenstein.

"In buying things to cook," said the economical housewife, "I always take into consideration my gas bill. Even then it doesn't seem to have much effect, but I am of a hopeful nature. Take beets, for instance. It will cost about $2 in gas to cook 5 cents' worth of beets, and then they may not be done quite to suit the taste of everybody, but the thing I most regret when it comes to the gas bill is the sugar cured ham. This ham comes from Virginia and is hard as a rock to begin with. You have to let it simmer and simmer, gas all day, burning evenly, then you put it in the oven and bake it another day, more gas burning evenly at so much the hour. Then it is just about as fine a bite to eat as you ever put to your lips, but when your bill for gas comes in at the end of the month you can't help regretting that you had the audacity to prepare it for eating."—New York Press.

LINCOLN THE FATHER.

Memories of the President's Affection For His Youngest Son.

Many stories are told of Tad's mischievous pranks and of his father's close companionship with his favorite boy. Tinker records that on one occasion Lincoln came into the telegraph office chuckling to himself over a fairy story book that some one had given to Tad, who was holding his father's hand as he entered the room. He thereupon repeated the story to the cipher operators. It told how a mother hen tried to raise a brood of chicks, but was much disturbed over the conduct of a sly old fox who ate several of the youngsters while still professing to be an honest fox, so the anxious mother had a serious talk with the old reynard about his wickedness. "Well, what was the result?" asked one of us, when it appeared that Lincoln did not intend to continue his narrative. "The fox reformed," said Lincoln, his eyes twinkling, "and became a highly respected paymaster in the army, and now I am wondering which one he is." The significance of this reference is in the fact [illegible] that [illegible] there were [illegible] in the paymaster's department.

Much has been [illegible] Lincoln being influenced [illegible]. For instance it has been [illegible] by good authorities, including members of his cabinet, that before [illegible] great battles of the war [illegible] before the occurrence of some other specially notable event in the life he had a vivid dream which led him to look forward at such a time with great anxiety for the announcement of some disaster or other incident of a particularly important character. It is related that on the night before his assassination he had an unusually exciting dream, which he thought was a portent of impending danger of some sort. That he did have this habit of being deeply affected and influenced by these visions of the night is clearly shown by the following telegram:

Washington, D. C., June 9, 1863.
Mrs. A. Lincoln, Philadelphia:
Think you had better put Tad's pistol away. I had an ugly dream about him.
A. LINCOLN.

Here are two telegrams out of a large number in which Lincoln referred to his children in an affectionate manner:

Aug. 31, 1864.
Mrs. A. Lincoln, Manchester, Vt.:
All reasonably well. Bob not here yet. How is dear Tad?
A. LINCOLN.

Sept. 9, 1864.
Mrs. A. Lincoln, Manchester, Vt.:
All well, including Tad's pony and the goats.
A. LINCOLN.

On another occasion Lincoln wrote to his wife as follows:

* * * Tell dear Tad poor Nanny goat is lost. * * * The day you left Nanny was found resting herself and chewing her little cud on the middle of Tad's bed, but now she's gone.
A. LINCOLN.

The president's affection for his youngest boy was such that they were together much of the time, even while the father was receiving callers or attending to official business in the White House and nearly always when visiting the army at the front or in the defenses around Washington. They came to the war department hand in hand many times.

Lincoln went to City Point in March, 1865. As usual Tad went with him and remained with his father after Mrs. Lincoln returned to Washington a week later. Tad became a great pet among the officers and men. Each afternoon during their two weeks' stay the headquarters band marched up to the open space near the president's tent and played popular airs for an hour or so. Tad enjoyed the music of the brass band very greatly and was on the lookout each afternoon when the appointed hour approached. As soon as he heard the strains of music in the distance he would jump up and down and shout, "There comes our band! There comes our band!" David Homer Bates in Century.

The Bachelor's Wife.

King, the artist, was a queer character. He was an old bachelor, but he felt the need of companionship, and so, according to his fancy, he imagined he had a wife and had a room fitted up for her special use, as if the fancy was real.

"On a sofa are Mrs. King's shawl, her hat and gloves," said a visitor, "she having just returned from a walk, it is supposed. You know with such a wife he is not troubled by feminine extravagances, such as shopping, for instance. Near her chair stands her embroidery frame, the needle sticking there as if she had just laid down her work, and against the wall leans her guitar."

Indeed, this was a fanciful idea, and the visitor said that as a child he always entered this room with feelings of respect and awe for Mrs. King and readily paid the "coming out fee," a kiss, for the lady, which he always exacted from the privileged few who were allowed to enter this sanctum of the imagination.—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Scallop.

The scallop accomplishes locomotion by a series of leaps. When it is alarmed or wishes to change its location it opens and energetically closes its valves, thus expelling the water. The reaction shoots it backward. By this means the creature is able to travel long distances. Sometimes scallops make considerable journeys in large companies. One can scarcely imagine a lovelier sight than that of a flock of these pretty creatures, with shell of every hue from purple and white to black, enlivened with shades of pink, yellow and fawn, darting about in clear water. In their flightlike movements, vertical, horizontal and zigzag, they are more suggestive of a flock of winged animals than of bivalve mollusks.

Official Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Edwin S. Stuart.
Lieutenant Governor—Robt. S. Murphy.
State Treasurer—Wm. H. Berry.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—C. F. Barclay, Sinnemahoning.
State Senator—G. W. Williams, Wellsboro.
Members of Assembly—James A. McKean, Smethport; E. F. Habgood, Bradford.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport.
Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
Prothonotary—S. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—S. D. Weaver, Smethport.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; Wm. F. Devlin, Bradford.
Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—Wm. Marsh, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; G. W. Freeman, Smethport; W. I. Orlatt, East Smethport.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bayle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—E. W. String.
Council—[illegible] president; W. G. Holder, secretary; [illegible] Alfred [illegible] G. H. Denning [illegible] H. H. [illegible]
Justices—[illegible]
Constable—E. W. [illegible]
High Constable—[illegible]
School Directors—[illegible] D. Gallup, treas.; [illegible] B. Eastman, C. M. Colegrove, John Clark.
Collector—[illegible]
Assessor—[illegible]
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, [illegible]
Judge of Election—H. R. Henderson.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, [illegible]

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.
HORACE H. BARDWELL, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meeting.
G. H. DENNING, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 227, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
L. K. HOGARTH, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 2 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.
Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
[illegible] GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
W. H. MORRISON, Com.
F. R. FOSTER, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Tuesday afternoon.
ELIZABETH [illegible], Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Re. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
MRS. E. A. BALL, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
G. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CLARA [illegible], Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MRS. MARIA [illegible], W. M.
MRS. ELLA MOOREHOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 p. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—T. D. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 3:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

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The [illegible] scription price of the [illegible] ollar.

Jim's Honeymoon.

By CARTER HAVEN.

Copyrighted, 1907, by Homer Sprague.

"I never saw a circus," pouted Drucilla.

"It ain't done ye no harm so far as I c'n see," commented her father critically. "I guess you're likely to get your full growth without seein' one."

"I've got the egg money," put in Mrs. Chesney. "I can let her have some of that, Si."

"I'm goin' t' need that for the mortgage," he explained.

Mrs. Chesney sighed. Some of the women she knew really kept the egg money. There was a fiction to the effect that she did also, but Silas usually found some excuse for borrowing the money before the sum grew large, and Martha Chesney meekly submitted to his demands. She did want Drucie to see a circus, though. Half a dollar would not be missed.

"I'll take her."

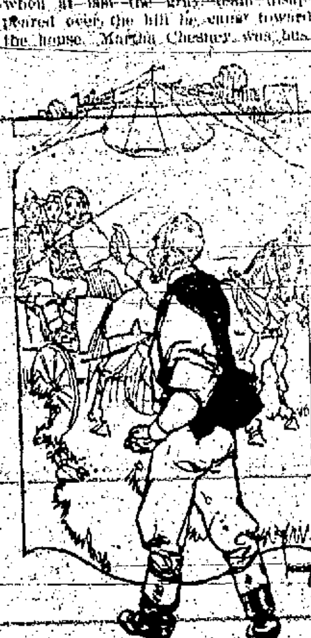
Silas wheeled angrily to confront the last speaker. It was all very well for Jim Peters, his hired man, to worship Drucilla. Silas paid Jim [illegible] month less than the prevailing [illegible] on that very account. To [illegible] open court was another and very different matter. Silas had decided that Drucie was to marry Hank Festis. Hank was a little old (about sixty), but he had a fine farm adjoining the Chesney place, and the match was an ideal one from the father's point of view.

"You won't take her nor yourself," he snarled. "I told you I had a job for you. You get every Sunday, don't you? And I give you the Fourth of July without dockin' ye!"

"I'm going to the circus," said Jim coldly. "If Drucie wants to come she can come with me. I'll be glad to have her."

"You ain't neither of ye goin'," said Silas as he stumped out of the kitchen. That settled it so far as he was concerned. He did not even trouble to stay home on circus day to see that his commands were carried out. He was accustomed to being obeyed. That there could be defiance of his wishes was a thing not to be dreamed of. He had business at Center Mills, and he drove off early in the morning with a final negative to the tearful Drucilla's appeals.

Jim watched him drive off, and when at last the gray team disappeared over the hill he came toward the house. Martha Chesney was bustling about the kitchen while Drucilla sat on the back porch paring the potatoes.



"GET OUTER HERE," HE CRIED. "I DON'T WANT NONE O' YE ABOUT ME."

"Going to the circus?" Jim asked cheerfully. "It's about time we got ready."

"I can't." Drucilla's face turned grave at the suggestion of disobedience to the paternal command.

"Look here," said Jim, calmly dropping down upon the lowest step. "It's about time that something was done to show your pa that you've got some rights. I bet old man Festis won't take you to the circus when you marry him."

"Who said she was goin' to marry Hank Festis?" demanded Mrs. Chesney, coming to the door.

"Everybody—and Mr. Chesney," was the scornful answer.

"She's not going to marry a man old enough to be her grandfather even if he's got a farm as big as this whole county," declared Martha.

"Just what I say," declared Jim amiably. "We could go to the circus as a sort of honeymoon."

Drucie clasped her hands. Long ago she had confessed her love for Jim even while she told him that her father would never give his consent. This suggestion of elopement fairly took her breath away. A circus—her first circus—and a marriage on the same day! It seemed too wonderful to be true, yet Jim was talking about it as calmly as though being married were an everyday affair.

"Why not?" he demanded. "It'll take an hour to drive to town. We can see the street parade, go get married and see the afternoon show. Old Martha will come over from the poor farm to look after the house."

In the end it was even as he had planned. Silas Chesney came home to find the house deserted save for old Martha sitting on the porch. She was very deaf, and only by dint of much shouting did he learn that his folks had gone off with Peters to the circus.

He made a solitary meal and then went out on the front stoop to await the return of the runaways. Jim had insisted upon a supper at a restaurant after the show as a windup to the celebration, and it was late when they drove into the yard. For several hours Silas had been letting his wrath gather strength, and he came storming across the grass as they drove down the side path.

"Get outer here," he cried. "I don't want none o' ye about me, ye deceitful critters. I told ye not to go to the circus. Get outer here."

Jim obediently turned the team and headed for the gate. Silas came running after them.

"What be ye doin'?" he demanded. "You're runnin' away with my team."

"We'll get out and walk then," said Jim promptly, jumping to the ground. "Come, Drucie."

The girl sprang down and he caught her in his arms, implanting a sounding kiss upon her lips before he released her. Then he helped Mrs. Chesney out and the trio started for the gate.

"Where ye goin' at this time o' night?" howled [illegible] with well affected [illegible]

"[illegible] call us off," [illegible] Jim. "[illegible] Newbury [illegible] for his farm on half [illegible] going to take his offer. [illegible] and mother are going [illegible]"

[illegible] Silas could scarcely [illegible]

[illegible] Jim politely. [illegible] a man at Mill [illegible] and has a girl too. Mrs. Chesney [illegible] with me. I'll give her the bed [illegible] for keeps."

Silas [illegible] dropped. Jim had picked [illegible] argument and [illegible] won. Silas moved toward the house.

"You folks will catch your death of [illegible] inside," he growled. "Come along, Martha."

Drucie followed Jim out to the stable to hold the lantern while he unharnessed the horses.

"When did Mr. Newbury make you that offer?" she demanded curiously.

"Last year," explained Jim. "I guess your pa ain't the only one that can bluff around here—not when I've got you to bluff for."

Chose Crown From Cannon.

Neither King Carol of Roumania nor his queen, known in the world of literature as Carmen Sylva, had any desire for regal honors, and when the assassination of Czar Alexander in 1881 forced them on Roumania's unhappy throne they went protestingly. Carol finally consented to be king, but declared he would never sit upon a throne or wear a crown.

The chamber and senate at Bucharest [illegible] declaring the people [illegible] Carol protested that [illegible] would [illegible] was forced to [illegible] himself a crown. [illegible] He sent to the arsenal for one of the captured cannon [illegible] that it be melted down and from the steel a crown be made, "in remembrance of the brave Roumanian blood shed for liberty." And with this he was crowned.

Carmen Sylva said of her husband's crown, "No crown, surely, ever spoke as this one spoke in days gone by, when it roared and thundered night and day, and rocked with smoke and flame."—New York Times.

Thunderstorms.

Do not imagine that because a heavy thunderstorm is far away to leeward it is not likely to arise and wet you. Even if the wind is blowing right against the cloud it will come your way all the more surely, for thunderstorms always travel against the wind. The reason for this is that there is invariably a countercurrent of air above the breeze that you feel close to the earth, and this sky high wind blows in the opposite direction to the one which alone you can detect. Thus the tempest seems to work its way right through the wind's eyes in a very contrary sort of way. Fog never does this; neither does ordinary rain—at least very seldom—but snow or sleet sometimes works its way up wind just as the tempest does. Sheet lightning, by the way, is not a distinctive sort of light, but merely the reflection in the sky of a forked flash many miles away. You can tell how far away a tempest is by counting the number of seconds that pass between the flash and the peal. Each second stands for about a mile.—New York Herald.

Parsimony Means Health.

"Did you ever notice," said a prominent physical culture teacher of New York, "that parsimonious people almost always enjoy good health and long life? Eating has a great deal to do with this. We learn that one wealthy person lunched always on a cup of tea and a doughnut; that the great standby of another was apples.

"It is not only that they eat frugally that accounts for their excellent health, but that there is so much regularity in their diet. The first thing the economical person does, as a rule, is to reduce living to a system. He studies how he can subsist best for the least money, and then allows himself very little variety from the regular order of things.

"Regularity of diet means a great saving of time and money in his eyes, and, whether he knows it or not, in adopting a rule of eating there is nothing which counts so much in building up a robust constitution."—New York Press.

DON MIGUEL HIDALGO.

Tragic Fate of the Hero of the War of Independence.

One of the dates which Mexicans celebrate in the most solemn manner is that of the death of Hidalgo, the old priest who, being in his eighties, dared to face the colonial government and started the revolution which ended in the independence of Mexico.

Hidalgo was shot in the early days of the war of independence. It is well known that he asserted on different occasions with the strong firmness of a prophet that he was too old to see the end of the fight and [illegible] would be sacrificed before [illegible]. He started the rebellion at dawn on the 16th of September, and for the first days he found no serious opposition on the part of the Spanish troops. His first journeys met with great success, and in a very few days he was at the head of a large army, and it seemed as if nothing could resist him.

He attacked Guanajuato and in a few hours took the city. He then marched in the direction of the capital, and when he arrived at Las Cruces, in the mountains which bound the valley of Mexico on the southwest, his army numbered more than 100,000 men. The Spanish troops faced him at Las Cruces, but were defeated.

Hidalgo could then have attacked the city and taken it without great effort, but he turned back, however. Historians have discussed this action, and almost all of them admit that his hesitation and his final retirement after victory was a great mistake and resulted in the continuation of the war for ten years longer.

Still it is said that Hidalgo was moved by a humanitarian idea. His army had no discipline. It was merely a mob that in Guanajuato after the triumph had stained its banner with robbery and disorder. He feared that the mob, intoxicated by triumph, would fall on the City of Mexico and repeat the scenes of Guanajuato.

His retreat and then defeat began. The Spanish forces were organized and re-enforced, and at the same time dissension started in the insurgent army. Hidalgo was defeated at Calderon and marched north, pursued by the Spanish troops. At a place known as Norias de Bajan he fell into an ambuscade and was captured with many of his companions. He was taken to Chihuahua, where he was shot on the 30th of July, 1811.

The head of Hidalgo was cut off and placed in an iron cage at one of the corners of the Granaditas fortress, where he had obtained his first great victory. From there it was taken twelve years later, when the war was ended, in 1823, and brought to Mexico, being placed in one of the altars of the grand cathedral.—Mexican Herald.

Do Animals Reason?

Do animals reason? The interrogatory seems to be a fruitful source of discussion. During my boyhood days on the plantation in the good state of Alabama I remember that the family horse, old Cream, exhibited an instinct or a trait under it not establishing a substantial claim to being able to reason. [illegible] Cream's daily routine, being the family horse, was to carry my father throughout the plantation. The service usually began in March and continued until the cotton picking season ended during November. Leaving the "patio house," our residence, about [illegible] my father would not return for dinner before noon. Thereupon he would dismount and command the animal to go to the barn. Forthwith he proceeded to the gate through which entry was made to his stall. When closed the gate was held in that position by a peg possibly six inches long that rested in a hole bored in a post that abutted the face of the gate. Old Cream, with much skill, pulled the peg from the hole, nosed the gate open and proceeded to his stall with the dignity of the lord of the manor. Instinct, did you say?—Alexander J. Mitchell in Harper's Weekly.

The Glastonbury Thorn.

Not least of Glastonbury's curiosities is its famous whitethorn, which blossoms twice a year, in the spring and again at Christmas. Tradition declares that the tree, which stands in the abbey grounds, is descended from Joseph of Arimathea's staff, which burst into leaf and flower when planted in the earth by the saint on his arrival at Glastonbury on a Christmas day. That original tree was cut down by fanatic reformers in the time of Elizabeth, but its descendants still flourish about Glastonbury, and at Christmas still burst into the same blossoms with which they are now white. In his possession this writer has sprigs of many which he gathered from the Glastonbury thorn in Christmas week a year or two ago. A considerable trade is done by Glastonbury in the sale and export of cuttings of its famous whitethorn to all parts of the world.—London Chronicle.

Black and White Pepper.

"It has always amused me," remarked a botanical expert, "to hear people talking of their preference for black pepper over white and the various explanations they give for the same. Little do they know that both black and white pepper grows upon the same shrub. Over the pepper seed grows a black covering. The seed itself is white, or nearly so. To make black pepper the seed and its external covering are ground up, while the white pepper is the seed alone ground up. White pepper is milder than black, the greater part of the pungency being in the covering. A pepper made of the covering alone would be such, to use a slang term, hot stuff that it would burn the mouth. The black covering of the pepper seed contains the oil."

Melinda's Knight.

By CECILY ALLEN.

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Melinda had come from up state. Before her arrival in the big building city she had studied stenography and typewriting in an up state business college. She was a good stenographer, too, and would have done well in the city—if she had stuck to stenographic pot hooks and curlycues.

But Melinda would read novels, and when she had secured a position and settled herself in a hall room at the working girls' club the novel habit reasserted itself more strongly than ever, this perhaps because there was a secondhand bookstore just around the corner, where she could buy novels for 10 cents and exchange them for different ones by paying just 2 cents more. In fact, it was a circulating library system that made Melinda feel [illegible] independent and [illegible] her a [illegible] trip to the [illegible]

[illegible] care much for the [illegible] she met [illegible] working girls' club. They [illegible] shop and shirt [illegible] worked in [illegible] than Melinda [illegible] have [illegible] some [illegible] working girls' [illegible] was a steno [illegible] in the [illegible] of her [illegible]. Melinda was also a little bored with conversation about shirt waists, because she had to make the ones she had brought from home do [illegible]. Somewhat [illegible] the use of discussing bargain counter styles in blouses?

It was much more fun to read novels, particularly the sort of novels most common at the secondhand bookshop, stories of English working lassies and chivalrous lords and dukes who abandoned scented drawing rooms and red coated hunting fields to besiege the hearts of the forementioned honest working lassies.

Just about the time that Melinda had absorbed her three hundred and forty-ninth novel the bookkeeper gave her a couple of passes for the theater. It was just his luck, he explained, that the baby had the whooping cough when those passes came his way, but of course he wouldn't leave his wife alone of an evening under such circumstances. Melinda did not stop to consider that in a humble, twentieth century fashion this was rather a knightly thing for an underpaid bookkeeper to do, but she took the theater tickets gratefully and invited the assistant matron at the home to accompany her. [illegible] "The Road to Yesterday," and the natural climax of Melinda's [illegible] reading [illegible] lover and friends [illegible] were transported back 300 years [illegible] all the things of which she read in novels [illegible] that the old spirit of knighthood lived in the twentieth century man, though it sometimes had rather a practical way of manifesting itself.

From that night, perhaps because of the play and perhaps because dog days set in, Melinda read fewer novels and hunted methodically for her twentieth century knight. It was too hot for her to light the gas in the small hall room or even to burn a lamp, and it was just right to sit on the stoop and watch passing figures that might suddenly blossom out as knights. So many of the figures slouched or stooped that Melinda got a bit discouraged and began to look for them by daylight—in the big office building where she worked.

But things had been going badly on the market, and most of the men who held possibilities of knighthood hurried past her with quick, nervous strides, lowered heads and deep ringed eyes. Her fellow workers in the office were all married. The junior partner was engaged to a girl who had millions, a clubfoot and bad taste in frocks, so he held no knightly possibilities. To be sure, there was the boy who ran the elevator after 6 p.m. He always held the car when he saw Melinda coming on those nights on which she worked overtime. But he was scarcely over five feet three, his cheeks were a bucolical pink in hue, and his nose was freckled. Besides, he was paid to hold elevators and be obliging to tenants who worked overtime, and mere knighthood on salary was not worth mentioning.

Once or twice he had brought her some garden flowers, the old fashioned kind, mignonette, heliotrope, phlox and ragged robins, that his mother raised in the garden of their suburban home. Melinda found them on her desk in a milk bottle without a card. A real knight, of course, would have a card or leave a glove or something of the sort.

Her search for a knight was lagging, partly because of the heat and partly because the hot, overworked men around her looked anything but knightly. In midsummer, when the assistant matron, remembering the theater tickets, asked Melinda to make a trip down the bay and back one mercilessly hot night, Melinda assented languidly, and the assistant matron felt her heart stirred by a strange pity for this tired little up state girl, who sometimes, amid all the artificiality and sordidness of her city life, managed to hold on to her old ideals. She was so different from the other inmates of the club—a bit silly about novels and music and flowers, but still so shy and sweet.

It was a great night on the bay, moonlit and sparkling, after a day of relentless heat and humidity, and not a night for disaster at all. But it overtook them—a fiery sheet of flame beside which the sun's rays of the day just closed were merciful. Melinda heard just one long, hoarse cry, saw one great flash of light, felt an arm jerk her to her feet, and then everything was blank. This may have been because the day had been so long and hard or because the girl had never in all her reading days thought of what one ought to do when fire broke out on a crowded boat.

Something cool and lovely was trickling on her forehead, her eyes, her cheeks, her lips. She was floating on a cloud. No, she was lying on wet sand, and the assistant matron was murmuring:

"No, no, she's not hurt. It was just the shock. She will be all right in a minute. But you, you wonderful, wonderful boy, to save us both!"

Oh, yes, the fire, the trampling feet, the brief glimpse into the great beyond—she remembered it all now. And some one had saved them. There was a real knight in New York after all.

She wanted to open her eyes and see him, but the lids were so heavy, so heavy. But she knew he was straight and tall and dark and pale and slender. All knights must be. And then the other voice said brokenly:

"You know I never had a chance to tell her I loved her. She was so backward and shy and always seemed to be looking right past me. She ain't like other girls I know—and you're sure she'll come around all right."

Something in the voice made Melinda's eyelids turn light again. They popped open, and she looked straight into the anxious eyes of the elevator boy.

"Oh, then it wasn't a knight after all," she murmured as the assistant matron began to chafe her hands once more.

Melinda was sitting on the edge of the bed in the assistant matron's room.

"I suppose they don't have to be tall and slender and pale and interesting if their hearts are all right and knightly. And Billy's heart is all right. He don't have to run an elevator, you know. His mother has quite a little money, but he's going to be an electrical engineer or superintendent of big buildings or something of that sort, and he says he wants to know everything from running elevators to running men, and then he can support me and mamma too. But when his mother came in to see me today she patted my hand and kissed me on both cheeks and said there was no reason why Billy and I should have to wait [illegible] because she thought there was love enough in my heart to keep two mothers going, and she had no daughter. She's just lovely, his mother is, and you'd know she was just the [illegible] whose son would be a knight."

And the assistant matron, remembering [illegible] for just an instant on that dreadful night, felt once more the grip of his firm, strong hand and murmured, "Yes, of such stock do real knights spring."

The American Abroad.

It has for years been brought home to us [illegible] complimentary that we Americans traveling around are closely scrutinized by the Europeans. But perhaps we have not realized that the observing eyes of the younger—in fact, the youngest—generation are turned upon us.

A Parisian woman going to her children's playroom discovered her little boy and girl absorbed in a remarkable occupation. The boy stood motionless and solemn on a small table in the middle of the room. The girl, arrayed in grownup hat and coat, walked slowly round him, regarding him thoughtfully, now and then peering abstractedly into a red covered book in her hands.

"What are you doing, children?" asked the puzzled parent.

"Oh, Paul is the Column Vendome, mamma," gravely explained the sister, "and I am a tourist from America—with a book, you know."

The Canary.

Canaries and other birds in cages, says an authority on the subject, very easily get rheumatism in their poor little legs from damp perches. And as a legful of rheumatism is a legful of rheumatism, and therefore a legful of pain, no matter what the size of the sufferer, it is not to be supposed that rheumatism is a less serious matter for a canary than for an elephant. The perches, therefore, should be kept dry. If the little feet get sore, bathing in rosewater will cure them. If the bird has a chill it should have two or three doses of olive oil and be sheltered carefully from drafts. Even in warm weather birds should not be hung in drafts, for they are very susceptible to them. Another "don't" for the woman who wants her bird to sing is "don't give the bird sweets." Sweet things affect a bird as they do a human singer—they roughen the voice.

English Proper Names.

As for the pronunciation of place names, "I can gie thee a capper," says a north country friend. Ulverston, on the borders of the lake district, is locally known as "Ooston." There is a story about a native who had been to a fell side sheep dog trial and, returning home, got into a wrong train. "Where for?" demanded a porter. "Ooston," grunted the inebriate, so they took him to Euston right away. Why not? "Ooston" has a twin brother, by the way, in "Peerith," the vernacular rendering of Penrith, which would easily saddle on a story of similar nature about Perth. And at King's Cross you may deceive a booking clerk by asking for a ticket to Oban. He thinks you mean Holborn.—London Chronicle.

POISONED GLOVES.

They Had Their Home In Italy With the Borgias and Medicis.

Perfumed gloves have contributed largely to the bright and cruel side of romance, of fact and of fiction. They had their home in Italy, the home of the Borgias and De' Medicis, and it is said, with how much truth will never be known, that many an untimely death was caused by wearing perfumed gloves whose scented palms concealed a deadly poison. It seems to have been a favorite pastime of the notorious Alexander VI. and of his more notorious son, Caesar Borgia, to invite a friend to dine, show him every attention as a guest, present him with a beautiful pair of perfumed and poisoned gloves and next day send flowers to his funeral, accompanied by a little note, polite, but firm, requesting the immediate transference of all the property of the deceased to the coffers of the Borgias.

There is an interesting and very ugly story of a famous poisoner of the fifteenth century who confessed under the water cure to having murdered for a consideration about fifty people by means of poisoned gloves. [illegible] she employed was [illegible] to the affect that for years she remained undiscovered and finally [illegible] through her own [illegible]—Kansas City Star.

THE GREAT [illegible]

Fondness of the [illegible] Scarfpin.

A rather comical story [illegible] great Rachel and an [illegible] devoted admirer, Prince [illegible] this way:

"It seems that upon [illegible] the prince's visits to the [illegible] actress she would often [illegible] playful mood and while [illegible] attire, which was the special object of his thought, would draw from his necktie the pin which [illegible] diamond, topaz, ruby or whatever it might chance to be—and place it in her pincushion or upon her corsage.

"This habit greatly amused the prince, it seemed so childish and such a mischievous act, and it really added to her charm in his eyes. One day, however, he called wearing a sort of stock, and consequently had no jewel.

"The observant maid noticed that there was no pin in the tie of Demidoff, and when she announced him to his mistress mentioned the fact. 'It is the prince, but he wears a stock.'

"'Then say I am out,' replied Rachel.

"Finding himself refused an interview, the prince set about learning the real reason. It mightily amused him, and thereafter he never appeared without the bauble that had always proved [illegible]"—Minneapolis Journal.

Shelley [illegible] humanity was less real to him than his own witch of Atlas. He only touched human action and passion closely in a single one of his works, and he said of "The Cenci," "I don't think much of it. My object was to see how I could succeed in describing passions I have never felt."—Arthur Symons in Atlantic.

Portrait and Slipper.

A touching anecdote, associated with a picture in the National gallery at Edinburgh, is told by an English lady in her book, "Potpourri From a Surrey Garden." She writes: "Several pictures stand out with peculiar interest, especially the life sized Gainsborough of the young Mrs. Grahame. She sat for the picture as a bride, but before it came home she was dead and her husband had gone to the wars. When he came back he never had the courage to open the case which contained his young wife's portrait. On his death, many long years after it was painted, it was opened by his heirs, and inside the case was the little white slipper she had left with the painter to help him to finish his picture. The portrait was given to the Edinburgh gallery, and the slipper was kept by the family."

Trouble on the Mantelpiece.

"If you'll always give me full swing," observed the pendulum, "you will never have any trouble with your hands."

"I don't know," replied the clock. "If it wasn't for your going back and forth in my works [illegible] would have our strikes."—Chicago [illegible]

Pleas[illegible]

Wigwag—What is your wife mad about now? Henpeck—Her absentmindedness. She was going to scold me about something and she can't remember what it was.—Philadelphia Record.

Indulgence.

"Such an indulgent husband my Jim is!"

"Yes; so I've heard. Indulges a little too much sometimes, doesn't he?"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The total area of the Sandwich or Hawaiian islands is about the same as New Jersey.

It is claimed indigestion is the National disease. That's why the demand for Rings Dyspepsia Tablets keeps increasing because they do the work. Stomach trouble, dyspepsia, indigestion, bloating, etc., yield quickly. Two days treatment free. Ask your druggist about them.—Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Don't worry about your kidneys when you can obtain 30 days treatment of Pineules for $1.00. These little globules bring relief in the first dose. Backache, [illegible] and Rheumatism yield quickly. [illegible] or your money refunded. [illegible] offer, you can't lose. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

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SHEATZ IN DEMAND

Many Calls For Nominee For Treasurer to Address Voters.

TOUR A SERIES OF TRIUMPHS

People Have Confidence In the Earnestness and Sincerity of the Republican Candidate, Who Is a Great Vote-Maker.

[Special Correspondence.]

Philadelphia, Oct. 1.

With but five weeks of the state campaign remaining all signs point to the election of John O. Sheatz, the Republican nominee for state treasurer, by an unprecedently large majority for an off year.

This prediction is based, however, upon the belief that the calls that are being made by the party leaders for Republicans to qualify themselves to vote and to go to the polls on election day, Tuesday, November 5th, will be responded to generally.

While it is true that up to date there has been considerable apathy manifested in certain quarters, there is reason to believe that for the remaining days of the canvass Republicans in the various counties will be up and doing and will evince a determination to get out the party vote on election day.

The Democrats are looking ahead for the presidential election. Democratic National Committeeman from Pennsylvania James M. Guffey, by his appearance on the stage at the Democratic rally in Pittsburg last Saturday night and his activity in other directions, clearly indicates his purpose to get his party organization into line at once for next year's great political struggle.

Colonel Andrews' Timely Talk.

The interest which the Democrats are showing in national politics has not been overlooked by their Republican fellow citizens.

Colonel Wesley R. Andrews, chairman of the Republican state committee, said today:

"Pennsylvania Republicans are alive to the importance of the present contest. The opening guns of the presidential battle of next year will be fired upon election day, the 5th of next November.

"We have no fear that the grand old Keystone State will falter. We know that the young men of our state, especially, are enrolling themselves for the campaign, the outcome of which means so much to the industries of Pennsylvania.

"We know that it is everywhere admitted that the greater the Republican majority in this state this year the greater will be the recognition that will be given to Pennsylvania when the national councils of the party shall be held next year.

"Pennsylvania's vote this fall will be watched by Republicans all over the United States and will be the subject of comment as soon as it shall be announced.

"It will be the duty of every Republican to go to the polls and by his vote emphasize Pennsylvania's continued fealty to the policies of the Republican party that have resulted in the wonderful development of Pennsylvania's industries and in national prosperity."

Chairman Andrews is receiving encouraging reports from every county in the state and his headquarters in this city are daily thronged with influential Republicans manifesting a keen interest in the state canvass.

Sheatz In Great Demand.

Nominee Sheatz is in great demand. Difficulty has been experienced in arranging a schedule of meetings, owing to so many conflicting requests for dates.

Following the great demonstration given in his honor by his neighbors of West Philadelphia, Mr. Sheatz attended the meeting of the State League of Republican Clubs at Harrisburg, then he visited the Susquehanna county fair, and afterward addressed big mass meetings in Wilkes-Barre and Scranton.

Wherever he has gone, Mr. Sheatz has made a fine impression. His frank, manly and business-like talks have the ring of earnestness and sincerity, and he is making votes every hour.

A Scotch Excuse.

A canny Scot was brought before a magistrate on the charge of being drunk and disorderly. "What have you to say for yourself, sir?" demanded the magistrate. "You look like a respectable man and ought to be ashamed to stand there."

"I am verra sorry, sir, but I cam' up in bad company fra Glascow," humbly replied the prisoner.

"What sort of company?"

"A lot of teetotalers!" was the startling response.

"Do you mean to say teetotalers are bad company?" thundered the magistrate. "I think they are the best of company for such as you."

"Beggin' yer pardon, sir," answered the prisoner, "ye're wrong; for I had a bottle of whusky an' I had to drink it all myself!"—Reynolds' Newspaper.

Willis Is Barking.

Edward Bulwer Lytton Dickens, the youngest son of the novelist, emigrated to Australia and died in Sydney at the age of fifty-one. He represented a constituency in the parliament of New South Wales for six years. Once when he was addressing the house in Sydney he was again and again snappishly interrupted by a member named Willis. At last Mr. Dickens stopped to remark: "Mr. Speaker, my father coined a famous phrase, 'Barkis is willin'.' Under present circumstances I am strongly tempted to reverse it and say, 'Willis is barking.'" The house laughed and the interruptions ceased.

YORKSHIRE PIES.

Here Is the Way They Were Made In the Olden Days.

The delicacy of the Yorkshire pies of olden days may be judged by the following recipe from an old fashioned cookery book: "First make a good standing crust, let the wall and bottom be very thick; bone a turkey, a goose, a fowl, a partridge and a pigeon; season them all very well; take half an ounce of mace, half an ounce of nutmegs, a quarter of an ounce of cloves and half an ounce of black pepper, all beat fine together; two large spoonfuls of salt, and then mix them together. Open the fowls all down the back and bone them; first the pigeon, then the partridge; cover them; then the fowl, then the goose and then the turkey, which must be large; season them all well first and lay them in the crust so that it will look only like a whole turkey; then have a hare ready cased and wiped with a clean cloth; cut it to pieces—that is, joint it; season it and lay it as close as you can on one side, on the other side woodcock, more game and what sort of wild fowl you can get. Season them well and lay them close; put at least four pounds of butter into the pie, then lay on your lid, which must be a very thick one, and let it be well baked. It must have a very hot oven and will take at least four hours." It is not surprising to find that a footnote adds that the crust requires a bushel of flour.—Chambers' Journal.

Another Reason.

An English clergyman visiting in this country told of a jilting that had happened in his parish. He said that he had an appointment to marry a couple at 4 on a certain afternoon. He appeared duly, and the bride appeared, but not the bridegroom. The clergyman and the lady, silent and embarrassed, waited in the quiet church from 4 till 6. Then they sadly departed. A week later the same couple wrote to the clergyman again, appointing another afternoon at 4 for the ceremony. And again the clergyman and the bride were on hand duly, and again the groom failed to turn up. As the two waited time passed slowly in the still and empty church. It grew darker. Five o'clock sounded, then 6. And then the bride broke the silence with a fierce ejaculation.

"Drat him!" she cried. "'Tain't his trousers this time, 'cause I bought him a pair."

Pain anywhere, in the head, painful periods, Neuralgia, toothache—all pains can be promptly stopped by a thoroughly safe little Pink Candy Tablet, known by Druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets. Pain simply means congestion—undue blood pressure at the point where pain exists. Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets quickly equalize this unnatural blood pressure and pain immediately departs. Write Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis., and get a free trial package. Large box 25 cts.—Druggists. Sold by All Dealers.

To check a cold quickly, get from your druggist some little Candy Cold Tablets called Preventics, for they are not only safe, but decidedly certain and prompt. Preventics contain no Quinine, no laxative, nothing harsh nor sickening. Taken at the "sneeze stage" Preventics will prevent Pneumonia, Bronchitis, LaGrippe, etc. Hence the name, Preventics. Good for feverish children. 48 Preventics 25 cents. Trial Boxes 5 cts. Sold by All Dealers.

SEE WHAT'S HERE!

The New Suits for Fall have come.

They are now in stock and waiting to be looked at.

There are a lot of new things in colorings and in patterns.

The cuts are a little different from last season.

We wish this announcement to be your invitation to look over this new stock.

It may be early; you may not need a suit now, but the experience of looking will be a treat.

"IKE" SIMONS
BIG DOUBLE CLOTHING HOUSE.
52-54 Main Street.
BRADFORD, PA.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific
and up-to-date.
Painless extraction of
teeth. Over 25
years' experience.
Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

Notice of Application for Charter.

Notice is hereby given that application will be made by R. W. Hilton, H. W. Rubin, Robert Bauer, M. P. Straight and G. B. Mayo to the Governor of Pennsylvania, on the 16th day of September, A. D. 1907, at 10 o'clock a. m., under the provisions of an Act of Assembly entitled, "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 29, 1874, P. L. 73, and the several supplements thereto for the charter for an intended corporation to be called Smethport Chemical Company, the character and object of which is the manufacturing and marketing acetate of lime, wood alcohol, charcoal and other products of wood from distillation, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges conferred by said Act of Assembly and the supplements thereto.

E. B. MAYO & SON, Solicitors.

August 21, 1907.

SHERIFF'S SALES

BY VIRTUE OF SUNDRY WRITS OF FIERI Facias, Levari Facias and Venditioni Exponas, Alias Fieri Facias, Pluries Fieri Facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose at public sale in the Court House, in the borough of Smethport on

MONDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1907.

at 1 p. m. the following several pieces of property:

1.

Defendant's interest in all those certain pieces or parcels of land, leasehold estates and oil rights, situate in Hamlin Township, McKean County, Penna., and bounded and described as follows, viz: All that certain leasehold estate situate, lying and being in the Township of Hamlin, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, on lands of Elisha K. Kane and Elizabeth D. Kane and Evan O'N. Kane and demised and leased unto F. W. Andrews, L. E. Andrews, O. P. Boggs, J. H. Rathburn, J. Rosenburg, W. L. Curtis and J. M. Armstrong, by the said Elisha K. Kane and Elizabeth D. Kane and Evan O'N. Kane, by written indenture of lease bearing date as hereinafter set forth years from the date thereof for purposes and Recorded in the Recorder's Office in and for McKean County in the various Books as hereinafter recital. Said leasehold being bounded and described as follows;

1st. All that certain tract, piece, parcel or lot of land in Hamlin Township, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, part of Warrant 2690. Beginning at a post, the Northeast corner of land of J. T. Griffith in Lot No. 5, thence by the center of the Big Level Road north 82 degrees 50 minutes East one thousand thirty-nine (1039) feet North 8 degrees 30 minutes East two hundred ninety-four (294) feet and South 82 degrees 30 minutes East one hundred eighteen feet to center of the New York, Lake Erie & Western Coal Railroad; thence Southwardly by said Railroad on a 6 degree curve to the left eleven hundred seventy-five (1175) feet and on a 2 degree curve to the left sixteen hundred five (1605) feet; thence by the North boundary of Warrant 2691 West eight hundred ninety (890) feet; thence by land of J. T. Griffith in Lot 5 North 1 degree 45 minutes West sixteen hundred (1600) feet to the place of beginning. Containing Forty-three 63-100 Acres (43.63 A.). Being the same property originally leased by Elisha K. Kane to F. W. Andrews by Articles of Agreement dated October 21st, 1889, and recorded in Deed Book 52, page 119, &c.

2nd. All those certain petroleum or oil rights in and under that portion of Town Lot No. 5 lying in Warrant No. 2690 in Hamlin Township, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania. Beginning at a post the Northeast corner of Lot 5 thence by the Big Level Road North 82 degrees and 15 minutes East fifty-five 5-10 (55.5) rods to a post; thence by land of Elisha K. Kane South 1 degree 30 minutes East one hundred thirty-seven 40-100 (137.40) rods; thence by the North boundary of Warrant 2691 (and of land leased by Elisha K. Kane to F. W. Andrews) North 89 degrees 41 minutes West fifty-six 1-10 (56.1) rods; thence by the East boundary of Lot 5 North 1 degree 15 minutes West one hundred thirty-nine 9-10 (139.9) rods to the place of beginning. Containing forty-seven 1-10 (47.1) acres, being the same property originally leased by Elisha K. Kane to F. W. Andrews by Articles of Agreement dated October 21st, 1889, and recorded in Deed Book 52, page 112, &c.

3rd. All that certain piece, parcel or tract of land in Hamlin Township, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, part of Warrant No. 2691. Beginning at a post and stones the Southeast corner of land leased to Taylor and Torrey; thence by the East line of said leased land North 1 degree and 25 minutes West two hundred twenty (220) rods; thence by land leased to Armstrong, Boggs, Curtis, Rosenburg and Andrews parallel to the South line of Lots 8 & 7 East forty-eight and 18-100 (48.18) rods; thence parallel with the East line of Taylor and Torrey lease aforesaid South 1 degree 25 minutes East two hundred eighteen 8-10 (218.8) rods; thence by the South line of Warrant 2691 South 89 West forty-eight [illegible] rods to the place of beginning. Containing Sixty-six (66) Acres. Being the same property originally leased by Elisha K. Kane to F. W. Andrews by Articles of Agreement dated August 4th, 1890, and recorded in Deed Book 52, page 40, &c.

4th. All that certain tract, piece or parcel of land in Hamlin Township, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, part of Warrant No. 2691. Beginning at a point in the center of the Big Level Road or Kane Street in the Village of Mt. Jewett eight rods West of the intersection of the center of the bridge over said street over the tracks of the New York, Lake Erie and Western Coal Railroad; thence following said road or street N. 85 degrees 30 minutes W. two 1-10 rods South 88 degrees West eighteen 8-10 rods and South 83 degrees 12 minutes West one hundred 83-100 rods; thence by the east line of Farm Lot No. 20 north 1 degree west ninety-three 7-10 rods and north 2 degrees 50 minutes west fifty-four 3-10 rods to a post; thence by the north lines of Farm Lots Nos. 23 and 1 south 89 degrees 45 minutes west one hundred nineteen 1-10 rods; thence by land leased to Taylor and Torrey north 1 degree 15 minutes west forty-one rods; thence by the south boundary of land of Robert Halsey and others in Warrant 2691 north 89 degrees 45 minutes east two hundred seventy-five 1-10 rods to a post; thence south 1 degree east one hundred thirty-four 2-10 rods; thence south 89 degrees west thirty-five 12-10 rods; thence south 2 degrees east forty rods to the place of beginning. Containing One Hundred Ninety-five [illegible] Acres. Being the same property originally leased by Elisha K. Kane to L. E. Andrews by Articles of Agreement dated October 26th, 1889, and recorded in Deed Book 58, page 105, &c.

5th. All those two certain parcels or tracts of land in Hamlin Township, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, part of Warrants 2690, 2691 and 2692, one parcel beginning at a post marking the southeast corner of Warrant 2691 being 10.5 rods north of the north east corner of [illegible] ... [illegible] general course of the West boundary of Warrant 2691, northwardly 218 5-10 rods thence east 13 17-100 rods north 58 83-100 rods and by Lots 7, 6 and 5 about 135 rods to the southeast corner of Lot 5 thence by said lot north about 89 rods; thence by the south boundary of Warrant 2690, Eastwardly about 82 rods to the center of the New York, Lake Erie & Western Coal Railroad thence by the said Railroad southwardly about 70 rods; thence by the southern boundary of land embraced in a lease between Elisha K. Kane and F. W. Andrews dated March 1st, 1889, eastwardly about 164 rods to the east boundary of Warrant 2691 and on the same course a further distance of 244.5 rods to the east line of land of Chas. Roos; thence by the boundaries of said land S. 11 degrees 30 minutes E. 67 rods; S. 89 degrees 37 minutes W. 124 rods and S. 88 degrees 30 minutes W. 120 rods to a post and stones thence by the east boundary of Warrant 2691 S. 1 degree 15 minutes E. 164.30 rods to the place of beginning. Containing 150 Acres in Warrant 2692; 618.5 Acres in 2691 and 77 acres in Wt. 2697, a total area of 845.5 Acres. And the second parcel comprising all those reserved petroleum for oil rights in and under those portions of farm lots No. 5, 6 and 7, in Warrant 2691 bounded and described as follows: Beginning at the southeast corner of lot 5 thence by the south line of lots 5, 6 and 7 west 126.9 rods thence N. 1 degree 30 minutes W. 33 63-100 to a post and stones, thence by the south line of Warrant 2690 east 126.9 rods; thence by the east line of lot 5 S. 1 degree E. 33 2-10 rods to the place of beginning. Containing Twenty-six 5-10 Acres more or less. Being the same property originally leased by Elisha K. Kane to F. W. Andrews by Articles of Agreement dated May 15, 1889, and recorded in Deed Book Vol. 53, page 143, &c.

Also, all my interest being the undivided one fifth (1-5) of the undivided seven-eighths (7-8) interest in and to those certain leaseholds in Hamlin Township, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania; bounded and described as follows: All the certain reserved petroleum or oil rights in and under certain farm lots in Warrant 2703, Hamlin Township, McKean County, Pennsylvania, described as follows in two parcels to-wit: One parcel comprising the Smith lot, the Collinge lot, the J. E. Kon lot, the J. Mellander lot and the James Nelson lot and containing together three hundred nine acres. Beginning at the northeast corner of said Collinge lot 69 rods north of the Big Level Road thence by land of John Carlson and land of Clarence Mellander westwardly (S. 86 degrees W.) 214 8-10 rods; thence by land of Niles Nelson south 41 rods thence by center of Big Level Road westwardly 15 rods; thence by the west and north lines of said J. Mellander lot south 85 1-2 rods; west 68 rods, south 72 7-10 rods to the southwest corner thereof, thence by the south boundaries of the Mellander, E. Kon, Nelson and Smith's lots (N. 88 degrees E.) eastwardly 201 4-10 rods to the southeast corner of the Smith lot; thence by the east boundaries of the Smith & Collinge lots northwardly 193 8-4 rods to the place of beginning. Being parcel of those petroleum rights reserved inter alia out of three deeds from the McKean and Elk Land and Improvement Company to T. S. Kane to L. L. Smith and to Wm. Smith recorded in McKean County Deed Book C, page 585, Deed Book Q page 61 and Deed Book —— page —— respectively and the other parcel comprising Lot A containing 53 acres, Lot No. 1 containing 51 acres, Lot 18 containing 43 acres, Lot B containing 49 acres, Lot C containing 53 acres, the August Carlson Lot (divided between J. H. Nelson and Cariny Lunden) 49 acres and the Cariny Lunden Lot containing 15 acres. Containing together three hundred twenty-three acres. Beginning at a post the northeast corner of the Cariny Lunden Lot; thence by the boundaries thereof south 84 rods, west 20 6-10 rods, north 56 rods, west 8 rods, north 21 7-10 rods and by the centre of Big Level Road N. 78 degrees E, 17 rods thence by the west line of land in lot 17, north 172 8-10 rods; thence by land of Enterprise Transit Co. east 100 rods; thence by the John P. Mellander lot south 15 8-10 rods, east [illegible] rods and south 25 rods, thence by the boundaries of lot 18 N. 89 degrees E. 4 rods N. 78 degrees E. 38 rods, N. 77 degrees E. 18 rods N. 88 degrees E. 20 rods N. 40 degrees E. 12 rods, N. 52½ degrees E. 18 rods and E. 4 [illegible] to land of Enterprise Company (the seven last named courses being given at a variation of three degrees west of three meridian); thence by said land east 66 rods; thence by the east line of lot 12 south 54 rods; thence by the east and south boundaries of lot 1 south 100 rods southwestwardly 54 rods and along the Big Level Road northwestwardly 30 rods; thence by the boundaries of the parcel first above described north 19 rods west 214 8-10 rods south 41 rods, westwardly 15 rods south [illegible] rods and west 68 rods; thence by the west boundary of Nelson's part of August Carlson lot north 77 rods, and by the Big Level Road S. 78 degrees 30 minutes W. 9½ rods to the place of beginning. Being the same property originally leased by Elisha K. Kane to L. E. Andrews and J. H. Rathburn by Articles of Agreement dated March 30, 1890, and recorded in Deed Book Vol. No. 58, page 112.

Also, All my interest being the undivided one-fifth (1-5) of the undivided seven-eighths (7/8) interest in and to all the petroleum or oil right or real estate interest in the petroleum or oil in and under or embraced in the same parcels of land or reserved mineral rights in Hamlin Township, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, hereinafter described to-wit: The first parcel comprising the petroleum rights under the John P. Mellander lot in Warrant 2703 containing forty-five acres, and adjoining piece of nine acres between the New York, Lake Erie & Western Coal Railroad and the Buttsville Road as the same have been removed to roads following. Reserving the petroleum — thereon and the right of entering freely at all times for the purpose of exploring for producing, digging, mining or carrying away the same together with the right to divide or sub-divide into parts or parcels at pleasure and sell lease transfer or assign the same or any part thereof at will. Provided the sufficient compensation is made to the part of the second part to-wit, the owner of the surface or soil for any of the said land which may be occupied for the production, removal or storage of natural values and likewise for any injury done to improvements situate thereon. The second parcel comprising the lot containing twenty-seven acres described in deed to Elisha K. Kane recorded in McKean County in Deed Book 41, page 103, &c., together with a strip or tract adjoining the same on the south and comprising portions of land conveyed to Elisha K. Kane by deeds respectively recorded in Deed Book 41, page 103, &c., and Deed Book 38, page 1, &c. Beginning at the southwest corner of said 27 acre lot and running thence north 85 degrees 30 minutes east one hundred eighty-five rods; thence north 87 degrees 30 minutes east fifty-nine 70-100 rods; thence south 0 degrees 30 minutes east thirty-nine 3-10 rods to a hemlock tree corner of land of the Enterprise Transit Company; thence by said land on said course a further distance of sixty 7-10 rods; thence west to the center of the New York, Lake Erie & Western Coal Railroad; thence by the centre line of said railroad northwardly to intersection with south line of lot 11 (formerly of Lars Magnusson) produced thence by said line east eighty-three rods; thence north 0 degrees 30 minutes west thirty 6-10 rods thence east ninety 5-10 rods to the place of beginning. Containing two hundred thirty-six acres more or less. The third parcel comprising one hundred thirty-one acres conveyed to Elisha K. Kane by deed recorded in Deed Book 37, page 143, &c. The fourth parcel comprising sixty-three 35-100 acres namely two lots conveyed to Elisha K. Kane by deeds respectively recorded as follows: one for thirty 35-100 acres in Deed Book 35, page 418, &c., and one for thirty-three acres in Deed Book 35, page 415, &c. The fifth parcel comprising one hundred fifty-four acres described in deed to Elizabeth D. Kane recorded in Deed Book 23, page 4, &c. The sixth parcel comprising forty-one 22-100 acres bounded on the west by the New York, Lake Erie & Western Coal Railroad, on the north and east by the fifth parcel and on the south by the second parcel. The seventh parcel comprising one hundred acres the southern half of a tract of two hundred acres in Warrant 2703 lying west of lands of Enterprise Company in said Warrant. Being the same property leased by Elisha K. Kane, and Elizabeth D. Kane to L. E. Andrews and J. H. Rathburn by Articles of Agreement dated March 31, 1890, and recorded in Deed Book Vol. 56, page 102.

Also, All my interest being the undivided one-fifth (1-5) of the undivided seven-eighths (7-8) interest in and to all that certain piece, parcel or lot of petroleum or oil rights in and under Farm lots Nos. 34 and 35 in Warrant 2689, Hamlin Township, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania. Beginning at a post set by G. H. Lyon in the south line of Warrant 2689 at its intersection with the west line of lot 34 to mark the northwest corner of land leased to F. W. Andrews thence by the said west line of lot 34 south [illegible] degrees 30 minutes east 112 5-10 rods; thence by the south lines of lots 35 and 34 south 85 degrees west 95 4-10 rods to a post the southwest corner of lot 34, thence by the west line of lot 34 northwestwardly such a distance that a line run north 85 degrees east parallel to the south line of the farms will intersect twenty rods of said Farm lot 35; thence by the west line of lot 35 northwestwardly to the south line of Warrant 2689 aforesaid, thence by land leased to Taylor and Torrey in said Warrant 2689 north 89 degrees 20 minutes east to the place of beginning. Being the same property leased by Elizabeth D. Kane to O. P. Boggs by Articles of Agreement dated November 14th, 1890, and recorded in Deed Book Vol. 60, page 353, &c.

Also, All my interest being the undivided one-fifth (1-5) of the undivided seven-eighths (7-8) interest in and to all that certain tract, piece or parcel of land in Hamlin Township, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, part of Warrant 2688. Beginning at a post and stones the southwest corner of Warrant No. 2691, thence by the west line of Warrant 2691 south [illegible] degrees east three hundred fourteen 2-10 rods to the southwest corner of said Warrant [illegible]; thence by compromise line run for the south boundary of Warrant 2688 and north line of lands of Robert Halsey south [illegible] west two hundred fifty-five 2-10 rods to a post on the east bank of West Clarion Creek; thence up the said Creek on a general course of N. W. eighty-two 5-10 rods; thence [illegible] thence by [illegible] in Warrant 2688 leased to Taylor and Torrey south eighty-[illegible] minutes east one hundred [illegible] 4-10 to the place of beginning. Containing four hundred fifty-one 10-100 acres, being the same property leased by Elisha K. Kane to L. E. Andrews by Articles of Agreement dated December 18th, 1889, and recorded in Deed Book Vol. 56, page 117, &c.

Also, All my interest being the undivided one-fifth (1-5) of the undivided seven-eighths (7/8) interest in and to that certain leasehold estate situate in Hamlin Township, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, designated as follows, to wit: Being three hundred eighty-one acres, in Warrant 2688 the same being more fully described in a certain lease from Elisha K. Kane to F. W. Andrews dated July 16, 1889, and recorded in Deed Book No. 58, page 302, among the records of McKean County, Pennsylvania, reference thereunto being had and more fully and at large appear. Also all my interest being the undivided one-fifth (1-5) of the undivided one-fourth (¼) interest in and to all that certain leasehold estate situate in Hamlin Township, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, described as follows to-wit: Beginning at a post the southeast corner of lot No. 8; thence by the east line of said lot N. 3 E. 166 rods and by lot 8 on same course 142 rods to a post thence by the north line of lot 4 S. 87 E. 58 rods and by the north line of lot 23 on same course 70 rods to a post; thence by the east line of lot 23 south 8 west 144 rods; thence by the centre of the Big Level Road south 83 west 15 rods; thence by the east line of lot 8 south 3 west 123.4 rods; thence by the south line of Warrant 2690 north 87 west 70.9 rods, to a post; thence south 3.80 west 33.6 rods; thence by the south line of lot 7 north 87 west 30.8 rods to the place of beginning. Containing one hundred ninety-three 25-100 acres more or less. Being parts of Warrants 2690 and 2691 in Hamlin Township, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania; viz: 187 acres in Warrant 2690 and 6.28 acres in Warrant 2691 and lying in and under the following Farm lots and portions of Farm lots, viz: Lot 4, 51.63 acres; lot 7.47, 00 acres; lot 23, 54.5 acres; and lot 8, 69.19 acres. And also a second parcel comprising all petroleum or oil in and under a tract of land in Warrant 2691 beginning at a post the southeast corner of land of Bongt Lumberg in lot 8 aforesaid thence by the south line of lot 7 (comprised in the first parcel above described) eastwardly 30.8 rods; thence by land embraced in lease to F. W. Andrews dated May 15th, A. D. 1889, parallel to the west boundary of Warrant 2691 as run by G. H. Lyon in August, A. D. 1889, south 1.30 east 58.32 rods; thence parallel to the south lines of lots 8 and 7 west 51.3 rods; thence by lands leased to Taylor and Torrey parallel to the west line of Warrant 2691 as run by G. H. Lyon as aforesaid north 1.25 west 58.32 rods to a post thence by the south line of lot 8 east 80.9 rods to the place of beginning. Containing 34 acres more or less. Being the same property leased by Elisha K. Kane to J. M. Armstrong, O. P. Boggs, W. L. Curtis, J. Rosenberg and F. W. Andrews by Articles of Agreement dated September 30th, 1889, and recorded in Deed Book 52, page 204, &c.

Together with all and singular a like interest in the One Hundred and Ten oil wells located on the lands and leaseholds estates above described and the One Hundred and Ten engines, One Hundred and Ten wood rigs, Sixteen boilers; all casing, tubing, sucker rods, tanks, tools, rope, pipe, fitting, connections, &c., to the said wells belonging or in any wise appertaining, save and except such property of the Pipe Line Company as may be in, under, over or upon the said lands.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of O. P. Boggs at the suit of F. D. Wood, Assignee of L. E. Andrews.

D. H. Jack, Plaintiff's Attorney.

3.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a stake at the northeast corner of Pike and Mechanic streets; thence east along the north line of Pike street, forty-eight (48) feet to a stake; thence north on a line parallel to Mechanic street, forty-five (45) feet to a stake; thence westerly forty-seven (47) feet more or less, to a stake in the East line of Mechanic street, thence south along the East line of Mechanic street, fifty-five (55) feet to the place of beginning, and being the same property conveyed to W. E. Johnson by Armanda H. Davis and husband by deed of even date herewith.

Improved and having thereon one two-story frame dwelling house with a basement.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of W. E. Johnson, Defendant, and W. E. Johnson, Administrator of the estate of Elizabeth J. Johnson, Terre Tenant, at the suit of G. O. Murray.

D. H. Jack, Plaintiff's Attorney.

4.

Defendant's interest in all that certain parcel or lot of land situated in the 5th Ward of the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, described as follows: Being lot number 52 B fronting twenty-five (25) feet on High street as shown on the High street Paving Assessment Map made by A. F. Bannon, Jr., City Engineer, said map being on file in the Recorder's Office of McKean County, Pennsylvania, in Deed Book Vol. 131, at page No. 592.

Improved and having thereon one, one-story and basement, frame dwelling house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Isabelle Jane and Blanche Huff and William T. Huff (Blanche Huff is now intermarried with John McCrum) at the suit of City of Bradford.

F. P. Schoonmaker, City Solicitor.

5.

Defendant's interest in all those certain pieces, parcels or lots of land in Hamlin Township, McKean County, Pa., State of Pennsylvania, described as follows to wit:

First: The northwestern part of lot 16, in Warrant 2703, beginning at the northwest corner of lot No. 16, thence north one degree 15 minutes east [illegible] rods [illegible] Warrant No. 2697; thence by land heretofore conveyed to the Enterprise Transit Company, south 87 degrees east [illegible] rods to a post; thence south 1 degree 15 minutes east 51 rods to a post, the northeast corner of lot No. 15; thence by said lot north 87 degrees west [illegible] rods to the place of beginning, CONTAINING 21.25 acres. Reserving thereout the right of way of the New York, Lake Erie & Western Coal and Railroad Company, one hundred feet in width; also the right of way of the Big Level & Kinzua Railroad Company 60 feet in width and excepting thereout to the Johnsonburg and Bradford Railroad Company a certain strip as described in Deed from John W. Molander to said Company dated Sept. 21, 1898, containing .325 of an acre.

Second. Part of Warrant No. 2703. BEGINNING at a post in the intersection of the east boundary of land of H. A. Thompson with the south line of the right of way of the New York Lake Erie & Western Coal and Railroad Company, 50 feet from the centre of railroad; thence by said land of Thompson, south 670 feet; thence by north line of right of way of the Big Level and Kinzua Railroad 30 feet from centre of railroad north 75 degrees 15 minutes east 100 feet; north 41 degrees 15 minutes east 100 feet; north 39 degrees east 255 feet; thence by land of John W. Molander in lot 16 north 2 degrees 30 minutes east 777 feet; thence by the south line of right of way of N. Y., L. E. & W. Coal and R. R. Co., aforesaid, 50 feet from centre of railroad south 51 degrees and 15 minutes west 28.6 rods to the place of beginning. CONTAINING, after deducting public road, a net area of 1.78 acres more or less.

Third. Part of Warrant No. 2703. BEGINNING at the northwest corner of lot 18, thence by the north line of right of way of the N. Y., L. E. & W. Coal and R. R. Co., 50 feet from the centre thereof, southwestwardly about 58 rods to the east line of lot A, and of a further distance of 41 rods to intersection with the north line of right of way of the Big Level and Kinzua Railroad; thence by the north line of right of way of the Big Level and Kinzua Railroad (30 feet from the centre thereof) westwardly 25 rods to lands of Clarence Mellander in the west half of lot A; thence by said land of Mellander north 3 degrees east 15 rods and north 87 degrees west 40 rods to the northwest corner of lot A; thence by lands of Niles Nelson in lot B, north 3 degrees east 81.25 rods; thence by land of the Enterprise Transit Company, eastwardly 210 rods to place of beginning, CONTAINING 46.5 acres, EXCEPTING therefrom 14 acres conveyed by August Mellander and wife to John Sjoberg by deed dated June 1, 1883, recorded in Deed Book No. 80, page 470, &c.

The said pieces were conveyed to John W. Molander [illegible] Trustees, recorded in Deed Book Vol. 72, page 300, etc.; The second by deed from Elisha K. Kane and wife, recorded in Deed Book Vol. 70, page 33, etc., and the third by deed from August Mellander and wife, recorded in Deed Book Vol. [illegible], page [illegible], etc., and the said lands are subject to reservations of Coal, Iron, Limestone, Petroleum and Gas as in the said Deeds mentioned.

Improved and having thereon one two-story frame dwelling house with an ell attached, a large frame barn and a blacksmith shop, two good water wells and a young orchard.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of John W. Molander at the suit of E. C. Cleveland.

F. D. Gallup, Plaintiff's Attorney.

6.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land in the Borough of Kane, McKean County, and State of Pennsylvania, part of Warrant No. 2597, being lot No. 86, on the plot of the Park side Land and Improvement Company on the northerly side of Elm street, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a point in the north side of Elm street, 150 feet east of the northeast corner of Elm street and Elk avenue, thence north 150 feet to a post; thence east fifty (50) feet to a post in the west line of lot No. 85; thence south by the west line of said lot No. 85, 150 feet to the said north line of Elm street; thence by the north line of said Elm street west fifty (50) feet to the place of beginning. Containing 7500 square feet of land more or less, and having thereon erected one two-story frame dwelling house. Being the same land conveyed by Carrie B. Clark and Fred C. Clark, her husband, [illegible] the [illegible] day of August, A. D., [illegible] and recorded in the Recorder's Office of McKean County in Deed Book Vol. 180, page 411, on the [illegible] day of August, 1906.

Improved and having thereon erected one two-story frame dwelling house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Will Gustafson at the suit of C. A. Okerlind.

R. J. Campbell, Plaintiff's Attorney.

GEO. W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Sept. 18, 1907.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 110, February Term, 1907.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONWEALTH of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Nellie E. Roberts did, on the 21st day of January 1907, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Charles E. Roberts.

We therefore command you, the said Charles E. Roberts, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the first Monday of October next to answer the petition or libel of Nellie E. Roberts and show cause, if any you have, why the said Nellie E. Roberts your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Sept. 12, 1907.

J. B. Mullin, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 111, February Term, 1907.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONWEALTH of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Annie Enrich, did, on the 21st of January, 1907, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, William Enrich.

We therefore command you, the said William Enrich, that, setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean, on the first Monday of October 1907, to answer the petition or libel of Annie Enrich and show cause, if any you have, why the said Annie Enrich your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Sept. 12, 1907.

Mullin & Mullin, Libellant's Attorneys.

Notice.

In the matter of the estate of Frank D. Richmond, deceased.

Letters of Administration have been duly granted by the Register of Wills of McKean County upon the estate of Frank O. Richmond, late of the borough of Smethport, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, deceased, to the undersigned. All persons indebted to said estate are hereby requested to make payment of said indebtedness; and all persons having any legal claim against or demand upon said estate, shall make the same known without delay to

MARY E. RICHMOND, Administratrix.

Smethport, Pa., Sept. 9th, 1907.

Professional Cards

Attorneys.

Gorton & Richmond,
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E. L. Keenan,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW.
Office adjoining Residence, Main Street,
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ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office in Odd Fellows Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa. Office connected with long distance telephone. E. B. Mayo, notary public.

Thomas H. Morrison,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Smethport, Penn'a.
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[illegible]
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